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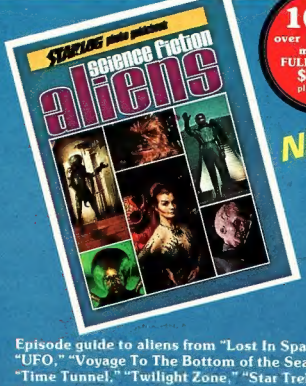

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...HOWEVER...

A sad month for *HM* acolytes, as we lose "Barbarella" & the weerd bunjuv garagderz from "1996," at least for the nonce. "Barbarella" will be appearing soon as a book, though. Few, too few, recognized that "1996" folks spoke Canadian, the langwidj of the fyudjer, eh?

We are, however & at last, resuming Druillet's "Gail" (chapter 1 was in *HM* #3). Lone Sloane rides again.

You may have noticed several journals now breaking out like acne on newsstands, entries all in the *Heavy Metal* look-alike contest. Accept no substitutes.

There is some loose talk above the 45th floor abt *Heavy Metal* movie. Discussions are, so to speak, animated. Arzak on the silver screen? Urm in the flicks? Stay tuned.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscripton in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Sanke, Midwest Advertising Director, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. *West Coast:* Lowell Fox and Associates, 16033 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Ca. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Submissions Editor, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sean and Valerie:

I don't normally complain, but the April issue provoked this. The main thing that irritates me is that you often don't continue stories for several months. I speak of "Ulysses," "Diabolical Planet," and a few others which I have forgotten, because it has been so long.

Second, is the choice of fiction. Of course, this all depends on one's taste, but I feel that such stories as "A Rose for Ecclesiastes" and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" do not really fit in with a publication such as *Heavy Metal*. Do not get me wrong, please. I feel these stories have their own very good points, but they also have their very own place.

Oh yes, it is also getting very difficult to understand "1996." I know that it adds to the effect of this mutant civilization and all that, but it gets kind of tough at times trying to decipher the words.

What do I like then? Well, I happen to be very glad that "Den" is continuing. I always enjoy a nice Moebius piece. I really enjoyed the story "The Ruse" by Thomas Bridges, and well, the list goes on. It's just those things above that prevent me from being totally satisfied with your fine magazine.

Kevin Thomson
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear K.T.,

We publish "Diabolical Planet" as fast as we get it from our French friends, and "Ulysses" became a book... and a preview of "Close Encounters" was hard to turn down... but thanks for your interest and criticism. Yours, in the hope of total satisfaction.—Eds.

Dear Eds:

My heartiest congratulations on *Heavy Metal*'s anniversary; may you live long and prosper. I would like to commend your magazine for the high quality of artwork and excellent reproduction quality. I am a graduate art history major working on my thesis, "The New Wave of Comic Art," and a lot of my research is done around your artists. I would like my thesis to cover foreign artists as well as American, but I am having trouble locating information on one artist in particular, Jean Giraud, alias Moebius. Would you tell me where I could pick something up in English dealing with Jean's background, say for instance, a biography, autobiography, or interview?

Craig Schindler
Kingsburg, Calif.

Dear C.S.,

And, as Groucho would say, "Thank you." Know of nothing about Moebius in English, but will send along, under separate cover, a recent article from a Paris paper, Le Monde, *with English precis. O.K.?—The Eds.*

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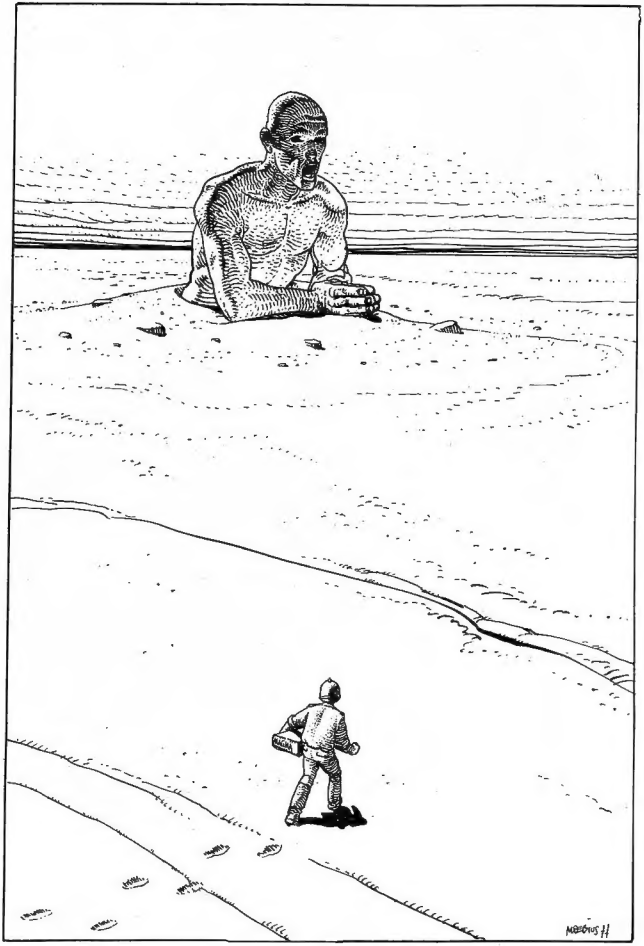
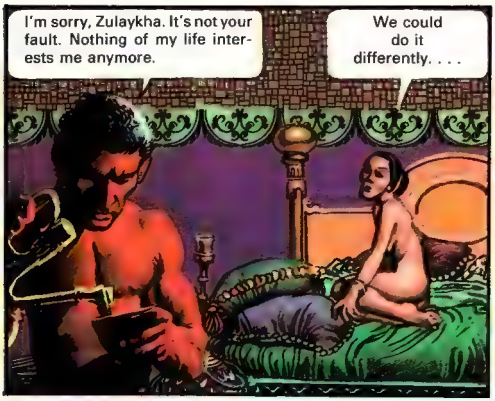


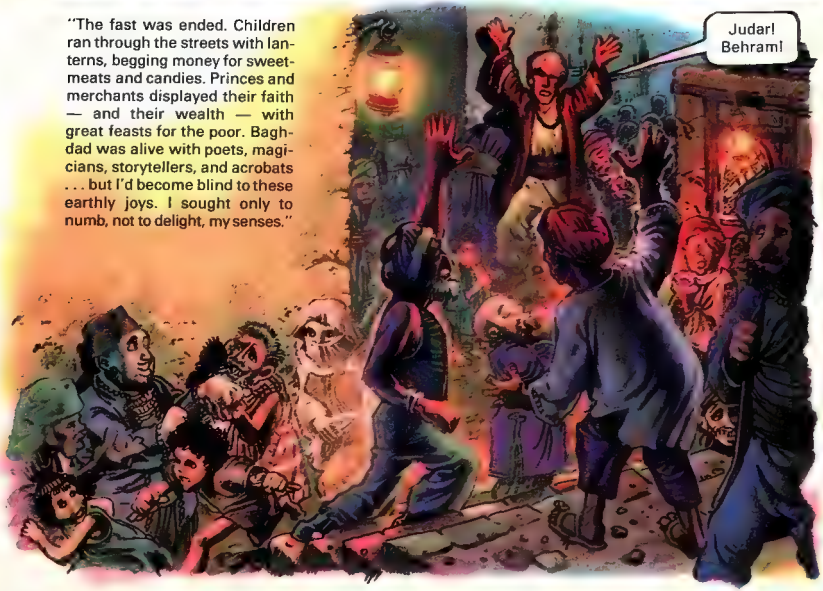
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
The Last Voyage of Sindbad
© 1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad

Sindbad! Sindbad the Adventurer!
An adventurer no more, my friend. You see I wear the robes of the Sufi.
That much is plain . . .
. . . but can I believe my eyes? Of all men to renounce wealth and luxury ! . . .
My last article of worldly value I presented to the Caliph Harun al-Rashid, and I was glad to be rid of it. But tell me . . . have we met?
Forgive me — I am Badr al-Bakkar, a merchant as you once were.
My ship embarks soon on a trading voyage to the East. I had thought to seek your company, and the invitation remains open if you wish.
No. The wanderlust has stolen all I once held dear — my eight voyages are enough.
Eight? But only seven have reached my ears!

Then you should hear the eighth — it might profit you as it profited me
I'd like very much to hear it.
It's a long story. . . .
Ah . . . excellent!
Know then that some time after my seventh voyage I again grew restless and bored. My wife no longer excited me — though I loved her still — and I became increasingly hard to live with.
It was the festival of Id al-Fitr, I had already broken the Prophet's injunction against wine, and Satan made it fair in my sight to blame my good wife for my own shortcomings. . . .
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
I can't believe it! This has never happened with any other woman!
How old is the **nabidh** you're drinking? Is it greatly fermented ?. . .
It is **aged!** The longer **nabidh** ages, the more exciting it becomes . . . **unlike women!**


I'm sorry, Zulaykha. It's not your fault. Nothing of my life interests me anymore.
We could do it differently. . . .

No, it's no use . . . where are my clothes? I'm going to the festival.


"The fast was ended. Children ran through the streets with lanterns, begging money for sweetmeats and candies. Princes and merchants displayed their faith — and their wealth — with great feasts for the poor. Baghdad was alive with poets, magicians, storytellers, and acrobats . . . but I'd become blind to these earthly joys. I sought only to numb, not to delight, my senses."
Judar! Behram!

"For hours we made our way from tavern to tavern until the crowd thinned and the streets grew dark and quiet. I had gotten drunk. . . ."
It's late, Sindbad. Zulaykha will be worried.
Seven voyages . . . and not **one** to Mecca!
Zulaykha! What's Zulaykha to me? She doesn't care! She doesn't understand! . . .
Now there . . . **there's** a woman worthy of a man's desire!
Her? But Sindbad, old friend! She's just a street whore!
She's a jewel of Allah! Did you see her navel? A man could drown in it! And you talk of Zulaykha! . . .
The festival's over, Sindbad. . . .
I have to have her! Let me go!
Sindbad!
Save your breath, Judar. You can't stop him.
We'll follow at a distance.

Wait . . . please!
Uff!
YELP!
Out of my way, damn you!
KUDP
YARRR!
SNIFF SNIFF WHINE
"She could have gone anywhere. My head was a pulsating sea, and I could barely stand. I just hoped I'd be able to find my way back home."
GRRR

SINDBAD!
SHE IS DEAD!...
Bismallah . . . no!

Know, Sindbad, that you have slain the wife of Al-Ra'ad al-Kasif . . . and by Allah, you shall pay for it!
to be continued

.Q.C. LAF.1
...COME IN...Q.C.LAF.1...COME IN...THAT ZONE IS FORBIDDEN!...
Q.C. LAF. 1
COME IN!...
Q.C. LAF. 1
THOSE DOGS... THEY WON'T GET US!
EEEEE
CHUCK!
DID THEY SIGN OFF?
1

CHUCK! THE BUOY! WE'RE LEAVING THE ZONE !!!
WE'VE DONE IT, CHUCK! WE'RE FREE! I LOVE YOU!
OH! LINDA!... WE'RE THE FIRST HUMANS TO ESCAPE THE DICTATORIAL MERRA FEDERATION!
WHEN I THINK OF WHAT THE VETERANS SAID...
THE VETERANS WERE WRONG!
FREEDOM WAS PASSING US BY.
LOOK!
THE SEA IS BEAUTIFUL.... THE HORIZON IS OURS....
OH! CHUCK!
42

EEEEK...
NO ONE ESCAPES THE MERRA FEDERATION!!
DAMN!
?
CRASH
3+

BUT UNCLE, CHUCK AND LINDA ARE DEAD!
MY DEAR, YOU AND YOUR POLITICAL INTELLECTUALS KNOW NOTHING OF THE SEA. CHUCK WAS A DISSIDENT!
AND NOW I MUST THANK YOU FOR YOUR VISIT, MY DEAR NIECE. IT'S RARE TO SEE A PRETTY WOMAN HERE AT THE BORDER CONTROLS.
B.Z.W.
MUST I LEAVE SO SOON?
THERE'S THE PATROL BOAT OF BUOY GUARDS, ON RETURN INSPECTION. THEY'LL TAKE YOU BACK....
++4

BELIEVE ME, I'D LIKE TO DO IT MYSELF, WITH MY PROTOTYPE B.Z., BUT THE TRANSPORT EQUIPMENT IS RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY FOR VERY HIGH OFFICIALS...EXCUSE ME, THEY'RE CALLING ME...
BZZZ
MALCOLM! THANK GOD!
WHAT! A CASTAWAY? STRANGE... STAY THERE! I'LL INTERROGATE HIM PERSONALLY!
A CASTAWAY?... HOW EXCITING!... MAY I STAY UNCLE?
CERTAINLY, MY DEAR... A CASTAWAY... MMM... NO DOUBT SOME IDEALIST NOT DISSUADED BY CHUCK'S EXAMPLE... PERHAPS HE WANTED TO SWIM ACROSS! HA! HA! HA!
5H

YOU SEE, ADMIRAL, CHUCK SOWED CERTAIN DOUBTS IN THE BOSOM OF THE NAVY.
IMPOSSIBLE! THE COUNSEL OF ADMIRALS HAS NEVER BEEN THIS STRONG DURING THREE CENTURIES OF EMERGENCY RULE!
STILL, THEY'RE ABOUT TO LOSE ONE EMINENT MEMBER.
MALCOLM! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE. LET'S GET TO THE PROTOTYPE.
LAURIE, YOU'RE MARVELOUS!
6

WE'VE DONE IT! ...THANKS TO YOU, LAURIE!
IT WAS YOUR PLAN... I HAD CONFIDENCE IN OUR LOVE....
B.Z.W
LOOK, THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE CHUCK AND LINDA WERE WRECKED
AT LEAST THEY SHOWED US THAT THE ONLY WAY TO FREEDOM WAS BY THE AIR.

CRASH
?
?
EEEEK!
NOBODY ESCAPES THE MERRA FEDERATION.
THE END
8

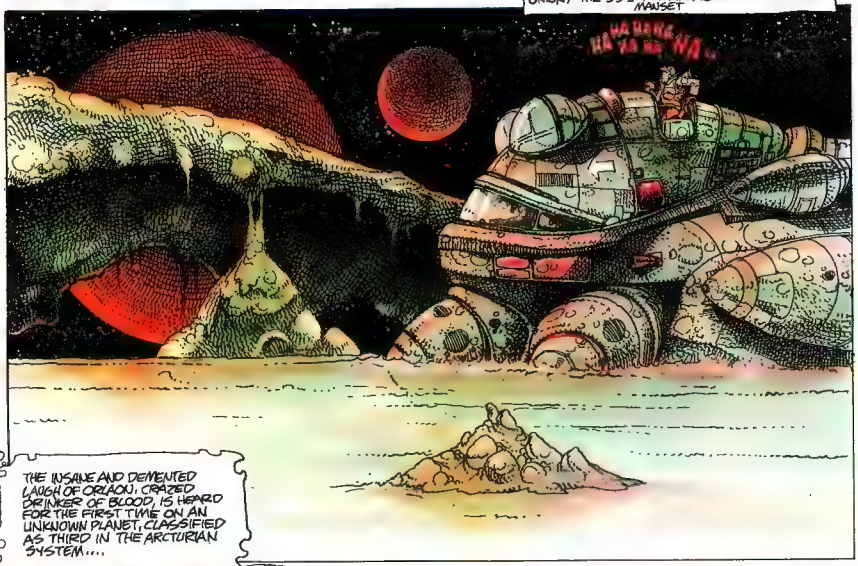
THE DEATH OF ORLAON

1

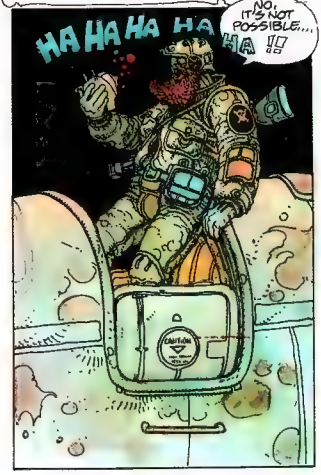
NIKI SMAN '84

OR LEGENDARY IMMORTALITY

● NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "THE DEATH OF ORION," THE 33RD REMARKABLE TALE BY GERARD MANSET



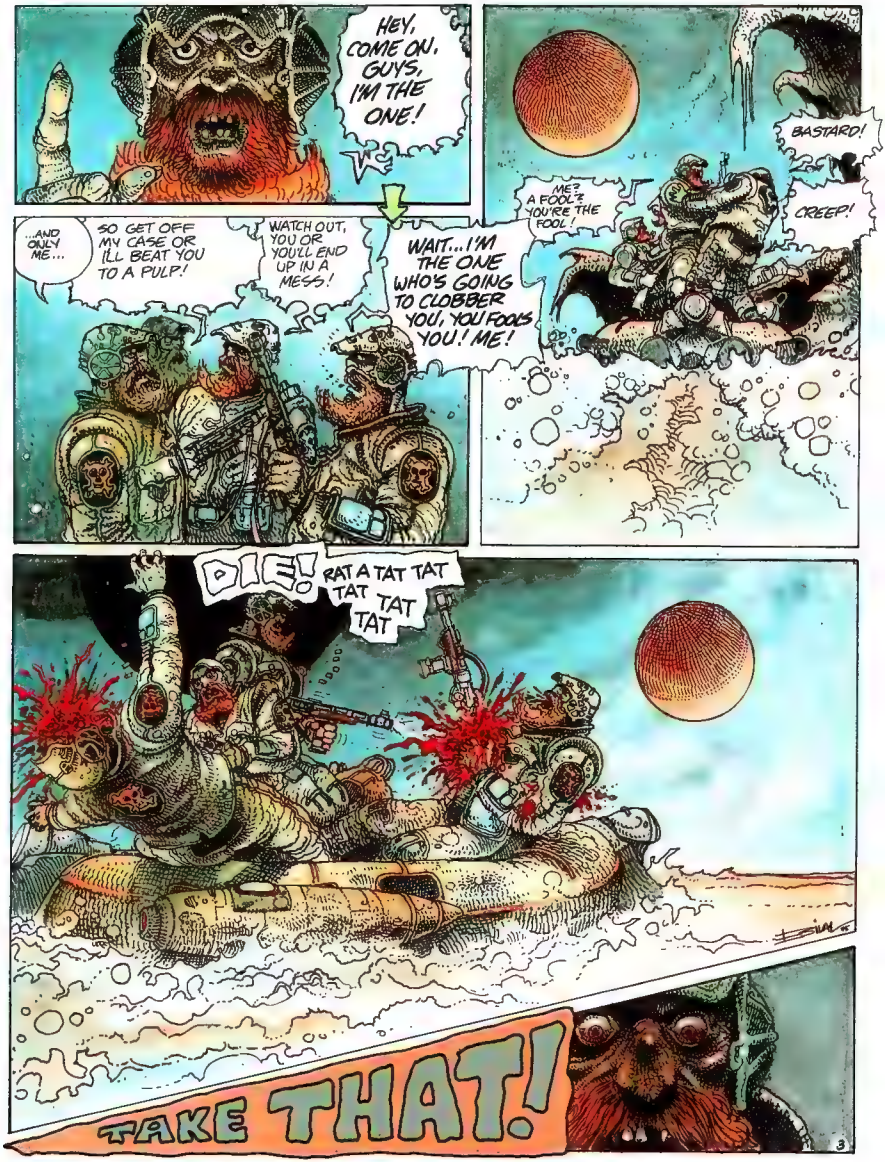
THE INSANE AND DEMENTED LAUGH OF ORLAON, CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD, IS HEARD FOR THE FIRST TIME ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET, CLASSIFIED AS THIRD IN THE ARCTURIAN SYSTEM....

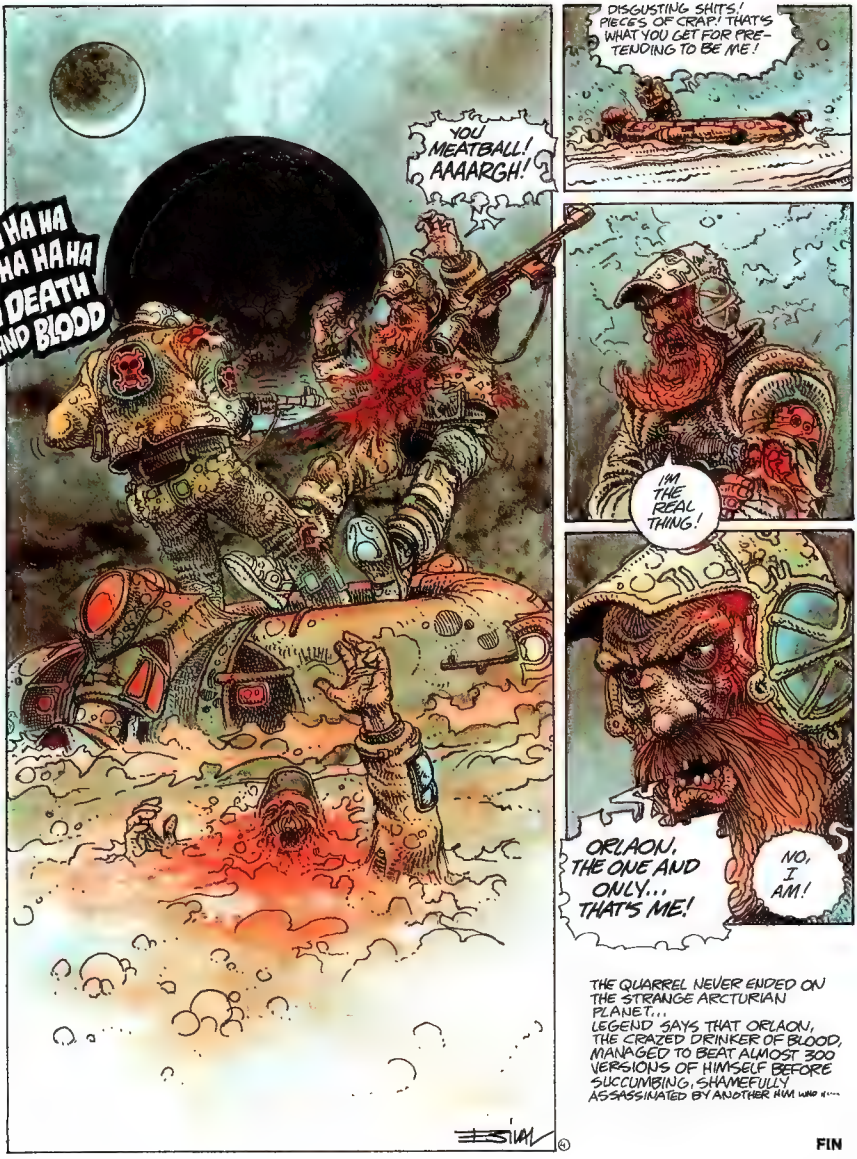


NOT EVEN A CAT FOR A HUNDRED MILES AROUND ACCORDING TO THIS DUMB RADAR! EVEN UNKNOWN PLANETS ARE AFRAID WHEN I ARRIVE... HA HA HA HA HA!

PITY! PITY! I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO MAKE A LITTLE ARCTURIAN BLOOD FLOW, JUST TO SEE THE COLOR AND TEST THE TASTE...
...SPEAKING OF WHICH, IT'S CERTAINLY TRUE THAT HUMAN BLOOD IS THE MOST EXCITING IN THE GALAXY... IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND IT'S GOOD....

WELL... WHAT THE FUCK... I'LL GO DRINK UP SOMEWHERE ELSE!
HEE HEE HEE... AFTER ALL, I'M HERE TO HIDE THE MOST FABULOUS HOARD OF MAUVE GOLD IN ALL THE KNOWN UNIVERSE... AND IT'S MY GOLD!... HA!HA!HA!
NO! IT'S MINE!
?!
WHAT????
AND I WARN YOU, YOU DISGUSTING PIECE OF SHIT, IF YOU GO ON PRETENDING THAT YOU'RE ME, I'LL EAT YOUR HEART!
HEY, COME ON, BUDDY! YOU'RE PISSING ME OFF! IT'S ME WHO'S ORLAON!
NO. IT'S ME!
?
2


HEY, COME ON, GUYS, I'M THE ONE!
BASTARD!
ME? A FOOL? YOU'RE THE FOOL!
CREEP!
...AND ONLY ME...
SO GET OFF MY CASE OR I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
WATCH OUT, YOU OR YOU'LL END UP IN A MESS!
WAIT...I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO CLOBBER YOU, YOU FOOLS YOU! ME!
DIE!
RAT A TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
TAKE THAT!
3


HA HA HA HA HA DEATH AND BLOOD
YOU MEATBALL! AAAARGH!
DISGUSTING SHITS! PIECES OF CRAP! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR PRETENDING TO BE ME!
I'M THE REAL THING!
ORLAON, THE ONE AND ONLY... THAT'S ME!
NO, I AM!

THE QUARREL NEVER ENDED ON THE STRANGE ARCTURIAN PLANET... LEGEND SAYS THAT ORLAON, THE CRAZED DRINKER OF BLOOD, MANAGED TO BEAT ALMOST 300 VERSIONS OF HIMSELF BEFORE SUCCUMBING, SHAMEFULLY ASSASSINATED BY ANOTHER HIM WHO W.....

FIN

ABOUT TO BE DEVOURED BY LAMONTHOS' LOATHSOME KITES, MAMBA IS RESCUED BY BARBARIANS, NOMADIC TRIBESMEN WHO RAID AND PILLAGE THE BORDERLANDS FOR SUSTENANCE--AND AVOID RETRIBUTION BY TAKING REFUGE IN THE FORBIDDING WASTELANDS WHERE ONLY THEY ARE CANNY AND RESOURCEFUL ENOUGH TO SURVIVE. THESE ARE THE VERY SAME BRIGANDS THAT UNTIL RECENTLY, AS A SOLDIER FOR HIRE, MAMBA WAS PLEDGED TO HUNT DOWN AND DESTROY.

©1978 GERRY MORROW

ADJUSTING HIS SPARE MONOCLE...

OH-OH! MY EYES DO NOT DECEIVE ME, IT'S .....

...SHENDARKAN AND HIS TRIBE, IF THEY RECOGNIZE ME AS ONE OF THE BORDER PATROL--I'M FINISHED!

MAY THE GODS REWARD YOU, BROTHERS, FOR YOUR TIMELY RESCUE OF THIS POOR WAYFARER.

LYING, GLASS-EYED **SPY**, YOU MEAN, DON'T YOU, SOLDIER BOY?!

OH-OH! THINK FAST-IMPROVISE, DEVISE, REVISE, EXTEMPORIZE--AND LIE LIKE YOU'VE NEVER LIED BEFORE!

YOU'VE FOUND US, BUT YOU WON'T RETURN TO THE GARRISON TO REPORT IT, SPY! MURDERER OF INNOCENTS!

NOW, WAIT! I DESERTED THE PATROL, COMRADES. NO MORE STIFLING REGIMENTATION FOR ME, I SEEK THE FREEDOM OF THE DESERT--BOOTY, SUN-BROWNED MAIDENS, HEARTY COMPANIONS, AND ROUSING ADVENTURE UNDER THE BANNER OF SHENDARKAN, KING OF WILDERNESS, MASTER OF T--

SHUT-UP!

M'LAMBA IS MARCHED INTO SHENDARKAN'S CAMP. HIS REPRIEVE FROM DEATH IS TO BE ONLY A BRIEF ONE, IT SEEMS, SINCE HIS RESCUERS INTEND TO...
...TORTURE HIM FOR ANY USEFUL INFORMATION REGARDING THE ISHANDRIAN GARRISON'S PATROLS-- THEN KILL HIM!
SHENDARKAN, I ASSURE YOU I OWE MY FORMER EMPLOYERS NO LOYALTY-- AND AS AT THE MOMENT I'M NOT OTHERWISE ENGAGED, I'M AT LIBERTY TO OFFER YOU MY SERVICES AS A SWORD FOR HIRE. NOW, AS TO SALARY, I REQUIRE--
QUIET! EVEN UNDER TORTURE THE TRUTH WOULD BE USELESSLY DISTORTED ON YOUR TWISTED TONGUE TO A SIMPLE HONEST MAN LIKE ME! YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE BOTHER OF ANYTHING BUT KILLING!
NOW, THE OUTLAWS, BEING A SHIFTY, DECEITFUL LOT, NATURALLY TAKE GREAT PRIDE IN THEIR SENSE OF HONOR, SO...
OH WELL, I'D HOPED TO AVOID USING THIS LAST RESORT, BUT...
SIMPLE? HONEST? THEN BROTHERS, BY LAWS AND TRADITIONS AS OLD AS THE SANDS THAT SURROUND US-- I CLAIM TRIAL BY COMBAT!
VERY WELL, JUSTICE SHALL BE YOURS BY THOSE LAWS...PROVIDE US WITH A DIVERSION, AND SILENCE YOUR IRRITATING PRATTLE!
MEET OUR CHAMPION, YOUR JUDGE... AND DOUBTLESS, YOUR EXECUTIONER!

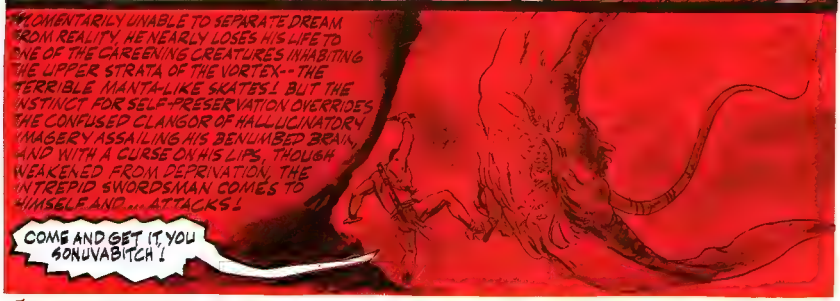
A TRIAL BY COMBAT-- WITH AN IMPOSING INDIVIDUAL WHO APPEARS TO BE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE DOUGHTY MERCENARY IN HIS WEAKENED CONDITION.

"WHILE THE STRANGELY SILENT SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT WATCH, THE BLACK GLADIATOR HOLDS HIS OWN FOR A TIME... THEN HIS OPPONENT DISARMS HIM...

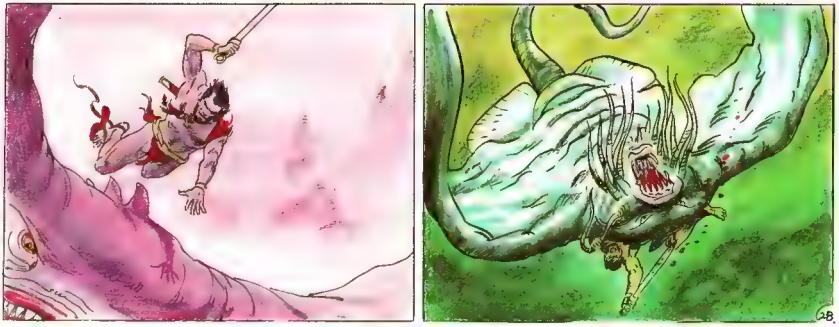
...AND THE SILENT ASSEMBLAGE BREAKS INTO A ROAR, HOWLING FOR THE FINISH WHILE MAMBA AWAITS HIS GRINNING ANTAGONIST'S FINAL LUNGE!!

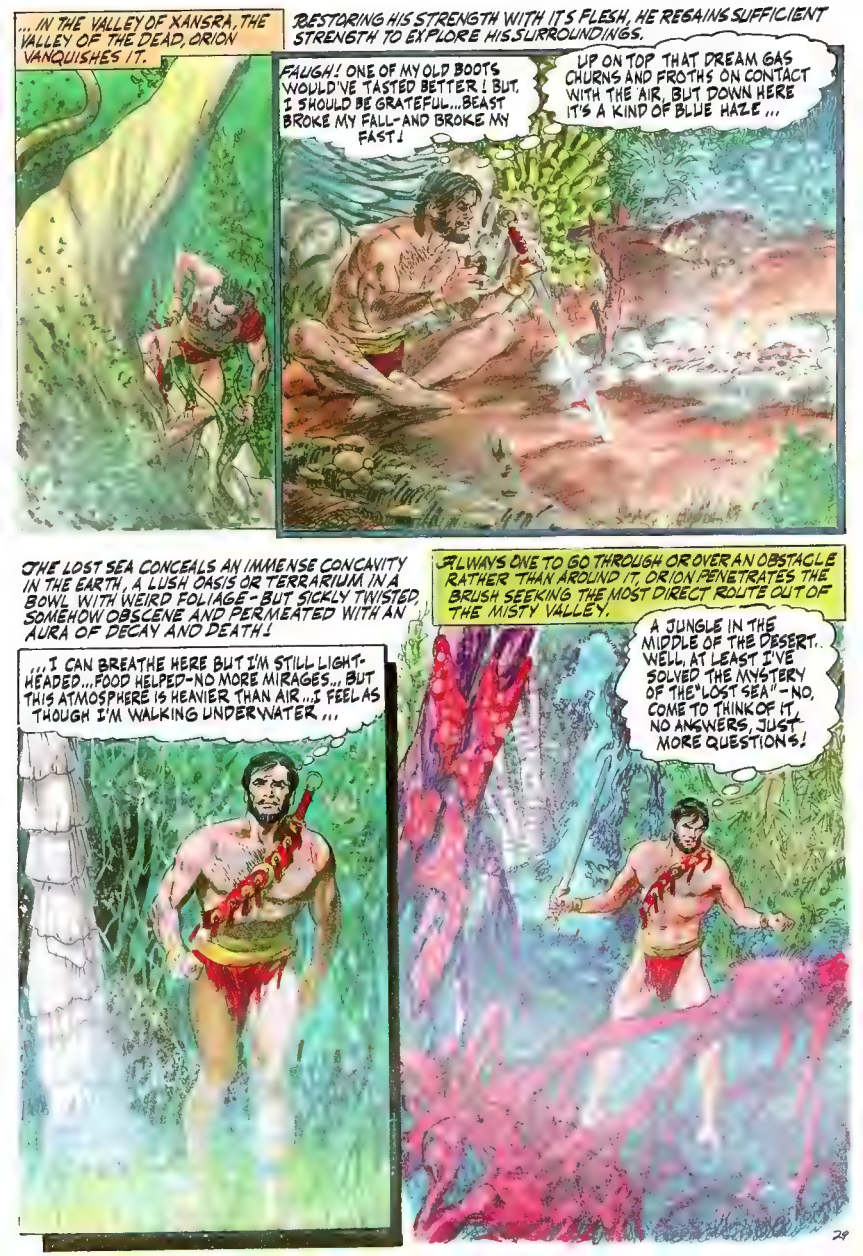
DESCENDING INTO THE MAELSTROM OF SWIRLING FUMES, ORION'S ALREADY BEFOGGED SENSES ARE ASSAULTED BY A BATTERY OF ILLUSIONS--MIGHTY ARMIES, GREAT HOSTS OF ALIEN WARRIORS, PINNACLED CITIES OF BASALTIC CRYSTAL, FABULOUS BEASTS, AND OVER ALL...THE MOCKING VISAGE OF THE SENSUOUS CIRCE-CHANDRA!

MOMENTARILY UNABLE TO SEPARATE DREAM FROM REALITY, HE NEARLY LOSES HIS LIFE TO ONE OF THE CAREENING CREATURES INHABITING THE UPPER STRATA OF THE VORTEX--THE TERRIBLE MANTA-LIKE SKATES! BUT THE INSTINCT FOR SELF-PRESERVATION OVERRIDES THE CONFUSED CLANGOR OF HALLUCINATORY IMAGERY ASSAILING HIS BENUMBED BRAIN, AND WITH A CURSE ON HIS LIPS, THOUGH WEAKENED FROM DEPRIVATION, THE INTREPID SWORDSMAN COMES TO HIMSELF AND... ATTACKS!



IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH THE BEAST WHICH BEGINS IN MID-AIR AND TERMINATES FAR BELOW...




... IN THE VALLEY OF XANSRA, THE VALLEY OF THE DEAD, ORION VANQUISHES IT.
RESTORING HIS STRENGTH WITH ITS FLESH, HE REGAINS SUFFICIENT STRENGTH TO EXPLORE HIS SURROUNDINGS.
FAUGH! ONE OF MY OLD BOOTS WOULD'VE TASTED BETTER! BUT, I SHOULD BE GRATEFUL...BEAST BROKE MY FALL-AND BROKE MY FAST!
UP ON TOP THAT DREAM GAS CHURNS AND FROTHS ON CONTACT WITH THE AIR, BUT DOWN HERE IT'S A KIND OF BLUE HAZE ...
THE LOST SEA CONCEALS AN IMMENSE CONCAVITY IN THE EARTH, A LUSH OASIS OR TERRARIUM IN A BOWL WITH WEIRD FOLIAGE - BUT SICKLY TWISTED, SOMEHOW OBSCENE AND PERMEATED WITH AN AURA OF DECAY AND DEATH!
ALWAYS ONE TO GO THROUGH OR OVER AN OBSTACLE RATHER THAN AROUND IT, ORION PENETRATES THE BRUSH SEEKING THE MOST DIRECT ROUTE OUT OF THE MISTY VALLEY.
...I CAN BREATHE HERE BUT I'M STILL LIGHT-HEADED...FOOD HELPED-NO MORE MIRAGES... BUT THIS ATMOSPHERE IS HEAVIER THAN AIR...I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M WALKING UNDERWATER ...
A JUNGLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT.. WELL, AT LEAST I'VE SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE "LOST SEA" - NO, COME TO THINK OF IT, NO ANSWERS, JUST MORE QUESTIONS!

HIS PROGRESS TAKES HIM THROUGH SUNLESS JUNGLE TO WIDE AVENUES NOW CRUMBLING AND BUCKLED BY THE STRANGLING LIANAS AND UNDERGROWTH-- ONCE MAGNIFICENT EDIFICES OF AN ANCIENT CITY SUCH AS THE ONE IN HIS HALLUCINATIONS, NOW IN RUINS.
SOMEONE USED TO LIVE HERE... I WONDER IF ANYONE... OR ANYTHING DOES NOW?
EVERYWHERE EVIDENT IS THE MIASMA OF INCREDIBLE AGE AND DETERIORATION - AND SOMETHING MORE OMINOUS.
I THINK I SMELL WATER!
CAN'T GET RID OF THE FEELING SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME!
...AND-UNLIKE EVERYTHING ELSE IN THIS PLACE--IN AN EXCELLENT STATE OF REPAIR! SOMEONE DOES LIVE HERE!
HE COMES UPON A FOG-ENSHROUDED LAKE AND A STATELY, MANY-OARED VESSEL.
AN ANCIENT SHIP!
OBVIOUSLY DESIGNED TO CARRY IMPORTANT PERSONAGES IN REGAL SPLENDOR TO-- WHERE? NO MATTER, IT'S TOO LARGE FOR ONE PERSON TO OPERATE...
ORION IS ABOUT TO ABANDON THE ROYAL BARGE OF ANOTHER AGE WHEN HE REALIZES THAT THE ELEGANT GONDOLA HAS LEFT ITS MOORINGS AND IS ROWING HIM ACROSS THE LAKE-WITH AN INVISIBLE CREW!

ALTHOUGH DISARMED, A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER LIKE MAMBA HAS NOT EARNED HIS PAY IN A DOZEN ARMIES AND STAYED ALIVE THIS LONG WITHOUT GOOD CAUSE. HIS OVERCONFIDENT AND OVER-ENDOWED FOE LUNGES... TO HIS DEFEAT!

WITH PERFECT TIMING, MAMBA SIDE-STEPS AT PRECISELY THE RIGHT MOMENT, SIMULTANEOUSLY SNAPPING HIS SASH LIKE A STINGING WHIP ACROSS HIS ADVERSARY'S EYES... THE COUP DE GRACE IS THOROUGHLY EFFICIENT - IF NOT ENTIRELY SPORTING.

WITNESS THE VINDICATION OF THE GODS, BROTHERS - AND WELCOME ME TO MY NEW HOME!

THERE IS A HEAVY MOMENT OF STUNNED SILENCE -- AND THEN THUNDEROUS ACCEDENCE TO THE TIME-HONORED CODE OF THE OUTCASTS AND MISFITS - THE DESERT BRIGANDS CLAIMING A NEW ONE OF THEIR OWN.

WELCOME, BROTHER, TO THE FINEST BAND OF THIEVES AND CUTTHROATS THE BARRENS HAVE EVER KNOWN! MAY GOOD FORTUNE SMILE UPON US ALL!

NO MORE SPEECHES! WOULD YOU TALK ME TO DEATH? FOOD! WINE!

BY THE GODS, I LOVE A GOOD DIRTY FIGHT!

THE AMENITIES OBSERVED, THE RAIDERS BOISTEROUSLY ACCEPT MAMBA'S CALL FOR CELEBRATION, AS THE ONLY THING THEY LOVE BETTER THAN A GOOD FIGHT IS THE KIND OF ROUSING BACHANNAL THAT FOLLOWS. MAMBA APPEARS TO BE AS THOROUGHLY PROFESSIONAL A REVELER AS HE IS A FIGHTER.

EVERYONE SOON BECOMES TOO DRUNK TO NOTICE THAT THE GUEST OF HONOR SEEMS TO SPILL MORE THAN HE DRINKS... ALL SAVE ONE...

AWARE THAT HIS POSITION WITH THE UNTRUSTWORTHY MARAUDERS IS AT BEST A PRECARIOUS ONE, MANGA MAKES PLANS TO ABANDON HIS NEW-FOUND COMPANIONS AT THE EARLIEST OPPORTUNITY.

CAREFUL PROBING AMONG THE MORE SARRALOUS KNIGHTS OF THE DESERT REVEAL NO CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF ORION OR LAMONTHOS, WHOM HE INTENDS TO REQUITE FOR ENSLAVING HIM.

THAT ONE STILL NEEDS WATCHING- AND KILLING!

GETTING A MOUNT FROM THE PICKET LINES AFTER DARK OUGHT TO BE EASY. THEY'RE ALL BLIND DRUNK NOW!

HIS QUESTIONS DO REACH THE EARS OF FELINA, A MYSTERIOUS GIRL WHOSE GARMENTS CONCEAL EVERYTHING BUT HER CAT-EYES, THROUGH THE AGENCY OF HER EVER-ALERT SERVANT, URZA...

YOUR EARS ARE EVERYWHERE, FAITHFUL ONE. WHAT IS IT YOU HAVE TO TELL ME?

SO, HE KNOWS SOMETHING OF A MOON-EYED MAGICIAN! I MUST SPEAK WITH HIM, URZA! WHERE IS HE BILLETED?

-SOON....

WE'LL AID YOU IN YOUR SEARCH, GLASS-EYE, FOR REASONS OF OUR OWN. ARGUMENT IS USELESS, YOU COULDN'T GET A MILE FROM THIS CAMP WITHOUT OUR HELP AT ANY RATE.

WHO'S ARGUING? LET'S GO!

FROM A HIDING PLACE ARE WITHDRAWN MEAGER SUPPLIES, STOLEN AND STORED IN ANTICIPATION OF JUST SUCH A NEED FOR AN ESCAPE.

WHEREVER ORION GOES, LAMONTHOS WILL NOT BE FAR BEHIND. AS SOON AS WE PICK UP THE TRAIL MY USE FOR THIS FOOL WILL BE ENDED!

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE TO ELABORATE ON WHY YOU WISH TO FIND OUR MUTUAL "FRIEND," LAMONTHOS?

NO MORE THAN YOU. LET'S JUST SAY I DON'T INTEND TO KISS HIM WHEN I DO - UNLESS IT'S WITH THIS!

TO BE CONTINUED...

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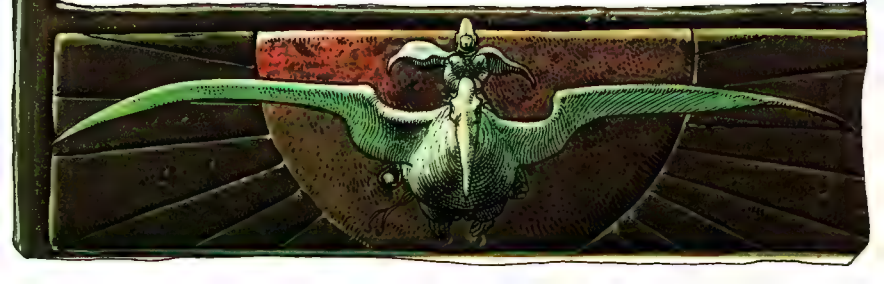

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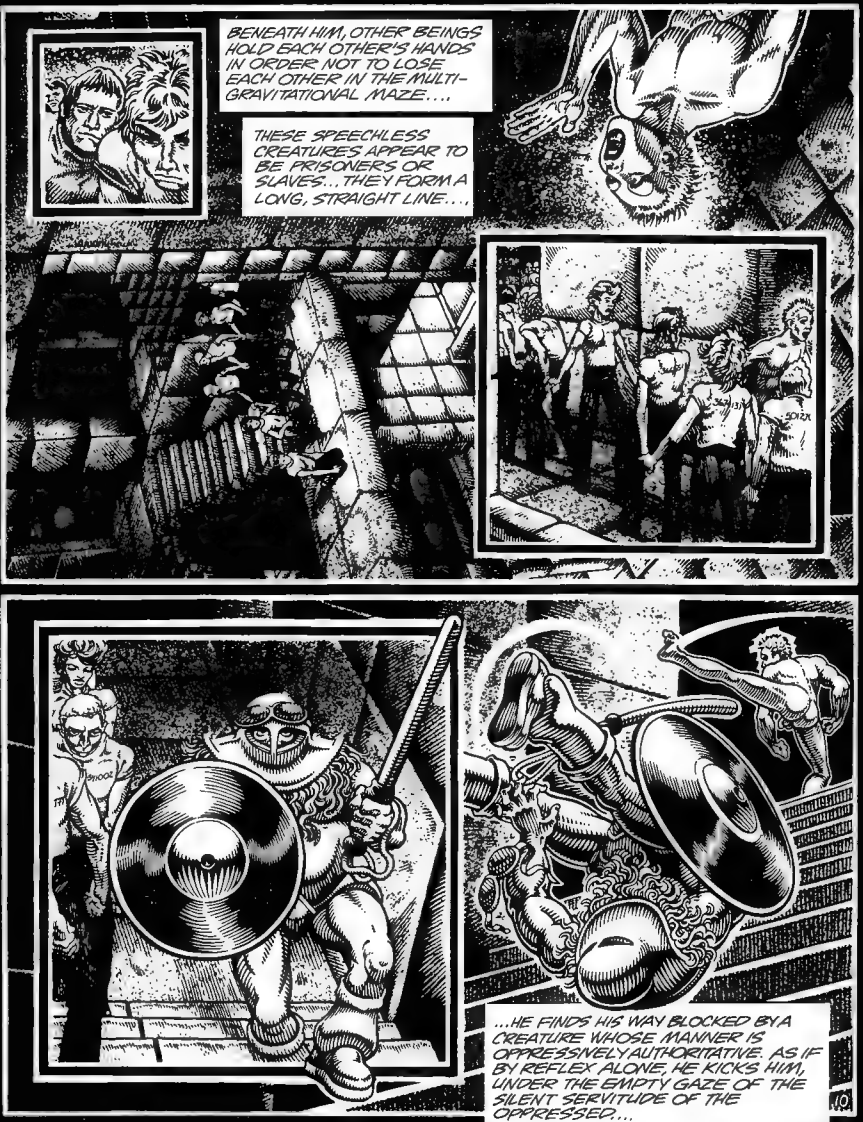
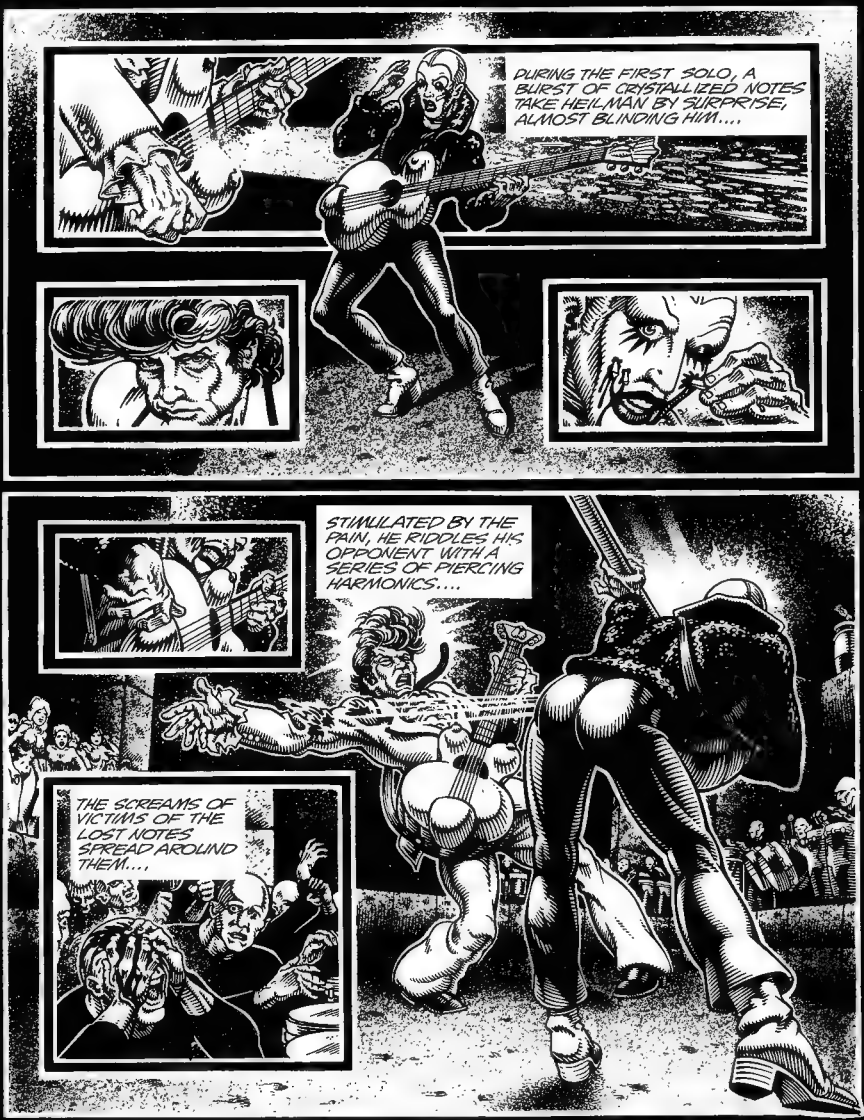
HEILMAN
THE IDOL'S CORPSE IS EMBALMED AND PERFUMED.., HIS HANDS ARE CROSSED OVER THE STRINGS OF HIS FAVORITE GUITAR...AND HIS BODY IS ON VIEW FOR SEVEN DAYS AND SEVEN NIGHTS....
...THEN IT IS BURIED.
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER TIME AND ANOTHER SPACE, HEILMAN AWAKES, MOLECULARLY RESTRUCTURED...
NOT KNOWING WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIM, BUT AWARE THAT IT IS USELESS TO ASK QUESTIONS, HE STARTS WALKING, WITHOUT DIRECTION....
SUDDENLY, A NOISE!
9


BENEATH HIM, OTHER BEINGS HOLD EACH OTHER'S HANDS IN ORDER NOT TO LOSE EACH OTHER IN THE MULTI-GRAVITATIONAL MAZE....
THESE SPEECHLESS CREATURES APPEAR TO BE PRISONERS OR SLAVES... THEY FORM A LONG, STRAIGHT LINE....
...HE FINDS HIS WAY BLOCKED BY A CREATURE WHOSE MANNER IS OPPRESSNELY AUTHORITATIVE. AS IF BY REFLEX ALONE, HE KICKS HIM, UNDER THE EMPTY GAZE OF THE SILENT SERVITUDE OF THE OPPRESSED...

...WHEN A MOCKING LAUGH CAUSES HIM TO TURN AROUND, TO FACE THE SUPPOSED MASTER...
...OF THIS PURGATORY FOR ROCKERS... SURROUNDED BY SEX-CRAZED GROUPIES, ...YES, HIM!
...THE IDOL OF HIS ADOLES-CENCE, KILLED SOME YEARS AGO BY AN OVER-DOSE....
IMPATIENT TO CONFRONT THE INTRUDER, HE CHALLENGES HIM TO A DUEL BY GUITAR...
ALTHOUGH APPREHENSIVE, HEILMAN ACCEPTS, DRESSES FOR THE DUEL, AND MEETS HIS ADVERSARY ON STAGE...
...WHERE THE RHYTHM SECTION IS ALREADY POURING OUT THE INFERNAL BACKBEAT AGAINST WHICH THE DUELISTS WILL PLAY.


DURING THE FIRST SOLO, A BURST OF CRYSTALLIZED NOTES TAKE HEILMAN BY SURPRISE, ALMOST BLINDING HIM....
STIMULATED BY THE PAIN, HE RIDDLES HIS OPPONENT WITH A SERIES OF PIERCING HARMONICS....
THE SCREAMS OF VICTIMS OF THE LOST NOTES SPREAD AROUND THEM...,

DRIVEN ON BY THE OLD ROCKER, HEILMAN STRIKES A LAST CHORD, A KILLER...
...AND FIRES!
A HOWL OF HORROR EXPLODES..
...WHEN THE HAREM OF GROUPIES SEES THEIR PRINCE IMPALED ON THE CRYSTAL SPIKES COVERING THE STAGE.

SOON, HEILMAN SPEAKS TO THOSE WHO NOW TURN TO HIM AS THEIR NEW LORD.
"YOU ARE FREE!" HE CRIES OUT TO THEM, BUT...
...THEIR REACTION AMAZES HIM....
HE LEAPS FROM THE PEDESTAL, WHERE THE SAME HANDS THAT BORE HIM THERE NOW TEAR AT HIM SAVAGELY...
...AND RUNS TOWARD THE MULTIGRAVITATIONAL MAZE, WHERE HE HOPES TO FIND HELP....
14

...UNFORTUNATELY, THESE SAD CREATURES WHO INHABIT THIS SUBTERRANEAN DIMENSION ARE NOT OVERWHELMED WITH GRATITUDE FOR THEIR SAVIOR....
THEIR ATTACKS ON HEILMAN ARE CHARGED WITH A MURDEROUS HATRED.
THE BEINGS HE THOUGHT WERE GUARDS LOOK ON, WITHOUT INTERFERING, WHILE HIS ATTACKERS DRAG HIM ALONG, OVERWHELMED BY PAIN.
15

HE IS BRUTALLY CARRIED BACK TO THE ALTAR-PEDESTAL, BEDECKED WITH A CROWN OF THORNS, AND CRUCIFIED, AS NAKED AS A BABY, WHILE THE PACK OF SNARLING DOGS SCREAMS ON....
THROUGH THE BLOOD POURING DOWN HIS FACE, HE SEES THE FUTURE MASTER OF THE ROCK PRISON WALKING TOWARD THE ELECTROTRANSMITTER INTERRUPTER...
...AND WITH A SIMPLE AND PITILESS GESTURE, HE LETS LOOSE THE MILLIONS OF VOLTS WHICH DESTROY HEILMAN'S LIFE...
...AND THE MATERIAL GUISE WHICH SERVES HIM AS A BODY ON THE LEVEL OF EXISTENCE.
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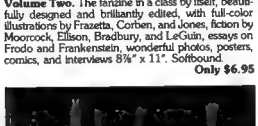

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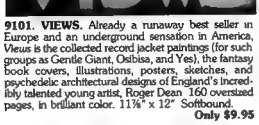

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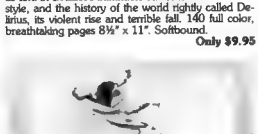

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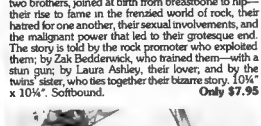

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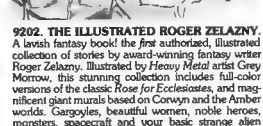

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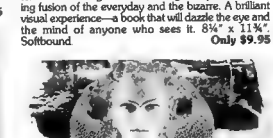

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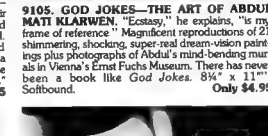

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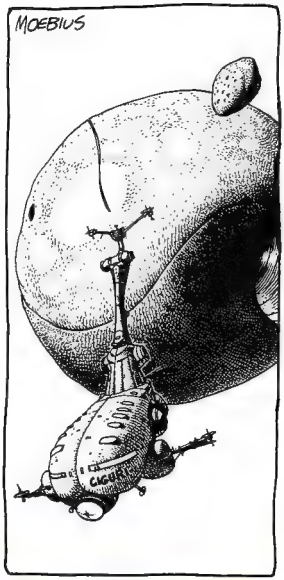

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HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, white Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4 00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Davis's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3 00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen ($3 00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins, The Long Tomorrow concludes, World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, samurai, puppets, sex, and violence ($3.00)

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HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full-color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius ($3 00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den Of course, you *knew* about the Incas, fog lights, and the time warp. ($2.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, naked to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole With the usual unusual, like Den ($2 00)

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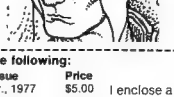
HM #15/JUNE 1978: This time, we go too far For instance, the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic, Evolution, the ecstatic, More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erotic Them Changes And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman.



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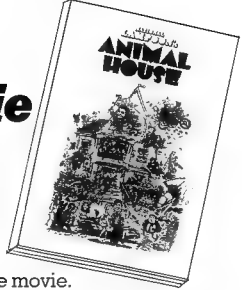

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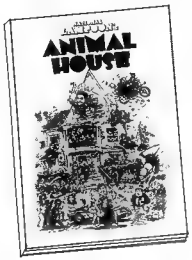

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Despite the potential wealth brought by a controlling interest in the oil, the insect-like Troadis employ only the harvesting methods of their ancestors, such as the worm-powered transport (seen with carts of santooth *at right*) and the spine-winged Jaardis to carry the oil to trade depots. They trade for foods, tools, and machinery. Their fascination with machines with lights and buttons has motivated many traders to build pseudo-machines for trade, observing long ago that real machines only prove dangerous to the Troadis, who are intellectually very primitive. Two blue Troadis, *at left*, amuse themselves with a "toy" recently acquired from a Cassanda trader. Above them, drying oil pods hang from the many openings in the ancient stone walls, while in the distance, santooth husks burn brightly with excess oil in a pit at the base of the far monolith—a sign of a very successful season.

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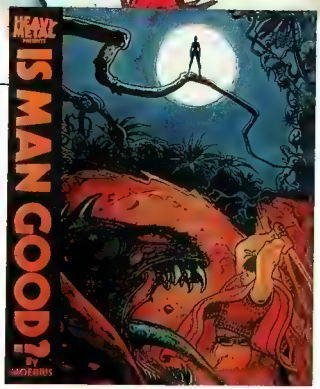

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...disappeared... his vessel destroyed... he lost his name and a terrible shock destroyed his sight... they took him to holy mary of the angels, a choice recruit for nerennen...
he was of no more use, blind as he was!
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...at the right time...

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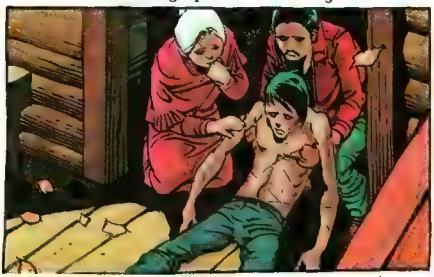
MORE THAN HUMAN

Chapter Two

"Gimme a blanket! Get a rag, hot water! Hurry now. Feller hurt bad. Picked him up in the woods."

In a moment he was back, carrying a man. "Here," said Mrs. Prodd. She flung open the door to Jack's room.



When Prodd hesitated, she said, "Go on, go on, never mind the spread. It'll wash."

He gently lifted off the blanket in the light. "Oh, my God," he grunted. "He won't last the night."

"We got to try," she said softly.

He lasted the night. He lasted the week, too, and it was only then that the Prodds began to have hope for him. He lay motionless in the room called Jack's room, interested in nothing, aware of nothing except perhaps the light. He would stare out as he lay, perhaps seeing, perhaps watching, perhaps not. There was little to be seen out there. His inner self was encysted and silent in sorrow. His outer self seemed shrunked, unreachable.

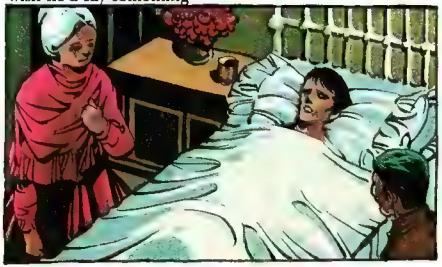
"He say anything yet?" Prodd would ask, and his wife would shake her head. After ten days he had a thought; after two weeks he voiced it. "You don't suppose he's *tetched*, do you, Ma?"

She was unaccountably angry. "How do you mean, *tetched*?"

He gestured. "You know. Like feeble-minded, I mean. Maybe he don't talk because he can't."

"No!" she said positively. She looked up to see the question in Prodd's face. She said, "You ever look in his eyes? He's no idiot."

He had noticed the eyes. They disturbed him. "Well, I wish he'd say something"



"I guess sometimes the world's too much to live with, and a body sort of has to turn away from it to rest."

The weeks went by, and broken tissues knit and the wide, flat body soaked up nourishment like a cactus absorbing moisture. Never in his life had he had rest and food and. . .

She sat with him, talked to him. She sang songs. She was a *little brown woman* with colorless hair and bleached eyes, and there was about her a hunger very like the one he had felt. She chattered out everything that was in her mind, except about Jack.

He never smiled nor answered, and the only difference it made in him was that he kept his eyes on her face when she was in the room and patiently on the door when she was not. What a profound difference this was, she could not know; but the flat, starved body tissues were not all that were filling out.

A day came at last when the Prodds were at lunch and there was a fumbling at the inside of the door of Jack's

room. Prodd exchanged a glance with his wife, then rose and opened it. "Here, now, you can't come out like that! Ma, throw in my other overalls."

The ailing man was weak and uncertain, but he was on his feet. They helped him to the table and he slumped there, his eyes cloaked and stupid, ignoring the food until Mrs. Prodd tantalized him with a spoonful. She patted his shoulder and told him it was just wonderful how well he did.

"Well, Ma, you don't have to treat him like a two-year-old," said Prodd.

Later in the night, when he thought she was asleep, she said suddenly, "I do so have to treat him like a two-year-old, maybe even younger. It's like growing up all over again. Faster, but the same road."

He was quiet for a time. Then, "What'll we call him?"

"Not Jack," she said before she could stop herself. "We'll bide our time about that."

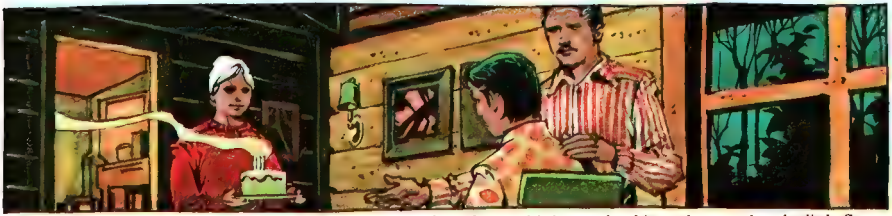
He thought about it for a long time. He said, "Ma, I hope we're doing the right thing." But by then she was asleep.

There were miracles. The Prodds thought of them as achievements, as successes, but they were miracles . . . .

There was the time when Prodd found two strong hands at the other end of a 12 x 12 . . .

. . . and the time Mrs. Prodd found her patient holding a ball of yarn, looking at it only because it was *red.*

There was the time he found a full bucket by the pump and brought it inside. It was a long while, however, before he learned to work the handle.



When he had been there a year, Mrs. Prodd remembered and baked a cake. Impulsively she put four candles on it.

The Prodds beamed at him as he stared at the little flames, fascinated. His strange eyes caught hers, then Prodd's. *"Blow it out, son."*

Perhaps he visualized the act. Perhaps it was the result of the warmth from the couple. They laughed together and Mrs. Prodd kissed his cheek.

Suddenly something twisted inside. This wasn't *the call.* It was not even like the exchange he had experienced with Evelyn. But because he could now feel to such a degree, he was aware of the emptiness, and so he did what he had done when he had first lost the girl. He cried.

It was the same tortured weeping that had led Prodd to him in the woods a year ago, and when it stopped, there was something *new* in his face. *"I'm sorry,"* Prodd said. *"Reckon we did something wrong."* But his wife said, *"It wasn't wrong. You'll see."*

He got a name. The night he cried, he discovered consciously that he could absorb a message, a meaning, from those about him. He began to hold and turn this ability, as he had once held and turned the ball of yarn. The sounds called speech still meant little to him, and he never really learned to hear them; instead, ideas were transmitted to him directly. Ideas themselves are formless and it is hardly surprising that he learned very slowly to give ideas the form of speech . . . .

"What's your name?" Prodd asked him suddenly one day.

They were filling the horse trough and there was that about water running in the sun which tugged deeply at the idiot. Utterly absorbed, he was jolted by the question.

"Lone?" said Prodd, and it could be seen that the syllable meant something to him, though far less than intended. But it would do. The idiot nodded. It was his first conversation: another miracle.

Name. He made a reaching, and it came to him as pure concept. *"Name" is the single thing which is me and what I have done and been and learned.* He said, "Ul . . ."

"What is it, son?" *All alone.* It was all there, the hunger, the loss, waiting for a symbol, a name. He strained, and gasped. *"Ul . . . ul . . . lone . . ."*

It took him five years to learn to talk and always he preferred not to. He never did learn to read. He was simply not equipped.

There were two boys for whom the smell of disinfectant on tile was the smell of hate. For Gerry Thompson it was the smell of hunger, too, and of loneliness. Hatred was his only warmth in the world, and at six Gerry was very largely a man.

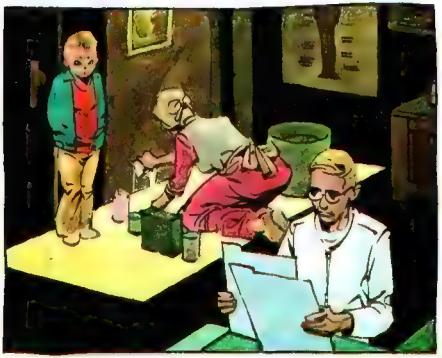
He lived like this for two years. Then he ran away from the state orphanage, to live by himself, to be the color of gutters

For a six-year-old, the path of memory stretches back for just as long a lifetime as it does for anyone else. Gerry had had trouble enough, loss enough, to make a man of anyone. At six he began to accept, to be obedient, and to wait . . .

and garbage so he would not be picked up, so he would not be cornered. Gerry Thompson was alone.

For Hip Barrows there was no hunger and no precocious maturity. But there was the smell of hate, surrounding his father the doctor, the deft and merciless hands, the somber clothes. Even Hip's memory of Dr. Barrows's voice was the memory of chlorine and carbolic.

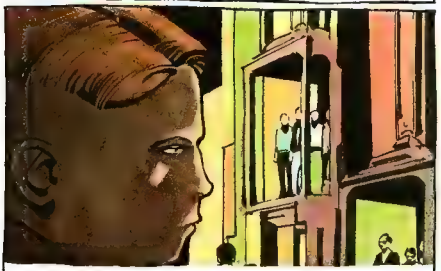
Little Hip Barrows was a brilliant and beautiful child, to whom the world refused to be a straight, hard path of disinfected tile. Everything came easily to him, except control of his curiosity—and "everything" included the cold injections of rectitude administered by his father the doctor.



He rose through childhood like a rocket, burnished, swift, afire. His gifts brought him anything a young man might want, friends and honors; but such was the philosophy of his father the doctor, who had worked for everything, that Hip's early gained friendships and honors also brought him uneasiness and a sick humility of which he was quite unaware.

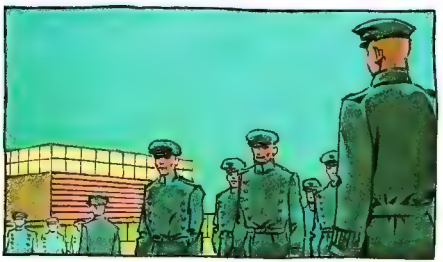
He was eight when he built his first radio, a crystal set for which he even wound the coils. His father the doctor discovered it and forbade him ever touching so much as a piece of wire again.

He was nine when his father the doctor located his cache of radio and electronics texts and magazines and piled them all up in front of the fireplace and made him burn them, one by one; they were up all night.



He was a brilliant fifteen when he was expelled from pre-medical school for playfully cross-wiring the relays in the staff elevators so that every touch of a control button was an unappreciated adventure.

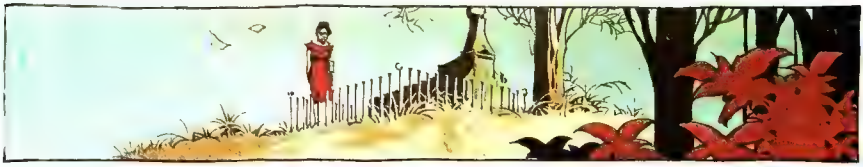
At sixteen he was attending engineering school. He always had time to talk and read and think, time to listen to those who valued his listening.



He even had time for the ROTC. Through it, he eventually learned that in the Air Force it is the majority, not the minority, who tend to regard physical perfection, conversational brilliance, and easy achievement as defects rather than assets.

He found himself alone more than he liked and avoided more than he could bear. It was on the anti-aircraft range that he found an answer, a dream, and a disaster . . . .

Alicia Kew stood in the deepest shade by the edge of the meadow. "*Father, Father, forgive me!*" she cried.



She sank down on the grass, blind with grief and terror, torn, shaken with conflict.

Devil, she thought, why won't you be dead? Five years ago you killed yourself, you killed my sister, and still it's "Father, forgive me." Sadist, pervert, murderer, devil . . . *man*, dirty, poisonous *man*!

I've come a long way, she thought, I've come no way at all. How I ran from gentle lawyer Jacobs when he came to help with the bodies; oh, how I ran, so that he might not go

mad and poison me. How I fled from his wife, too, thinking women were evil and must not touch me. They had a time with me, indeed they did; it was so long before I could understand that I was mad,not they. . . .In the cab,when I screamed and couldn't stop, for the people (the hurry), so many *bodies*, all touching and so achingly visible; bodies on the streets, the stairs, men holding women who laughed and were brazenly unfrightened . . . . Dr. Rothstein, who explained that there must be man and

women else there would be no people at all . . . I had to learn this, dear devil Father, because of you; because of you I had never seen an automobile or a breast or a railroad train or a restaurant or a bathing suit or the hair on—oh, forgive me, Father.

I'm not afraid of a whip, I'm afraid of hands and eyes, thank you, Father. But one day I shall live with people all around me; I shall go among thousands on a beach without walls, with a tiny strip of cloth here and there, and let them see my navel; I shall meet a man with white teeth and round, strong arms, Father, and I shall, oh, what have I become, Father, forgive me. I live in a house you never saw, where bright cars whisper past and children play outside the hedge which is not a wall. I look through the curtains whenever I choose, and see strangers. There is no way to make the bathroom black dark, and there is a mirror as tall as I am; and one day, Father, I shall leave the towel off.

But all that will come later, the moving about among strangers, the touchings without fear. Now I must live alone, and think; I must read of the world and its workings, yes, and of twisted madmen like you, Father; Dr. Rothstein insists that you were not the only one, that you were so rare, really, only because you were so rich.

Evelyn . . . Evelyn never knew her father was mad. Evelyn never saw the pictures of the poisoned flesh. I lived in a world different from this one, but her world was just as different, the world Father and I made for her, to keep her pure. . . .

The picture of her father, dead, calmed her strangely. She rose and looked back into the woods, looked carefully around the meadow, shadow by shadow, tree by tree. . .

All right, Evelyn, I will, I will. . .

She took a deep breath. She shut her eyes so tight there was red in the blackness. Her hands flickered over the buttons on her dress. . .

She slid out of underwear and stockings with a single movement. The air stirred and its touch on her body was indescribable; it seemed to blow through her.

She stepped forward into the sun, and with tears of terror pressing through her closed lids, she danced naked, for Evelyn, and begged her dead father's pardon.

When Janie was four, she hurled a paperweight at a lieutenant because of a feeling that he had no business around the house while her father was overseas. The lieutenant's skull was fractured and he was forever unable to recall the fact that Janie stood ten feet away from the object when she threw it. Janie's mother later *whaled the tar out* of her for it, which Janie accepted with her usual composure. Strength without control, she sensed once again, had its demerits.

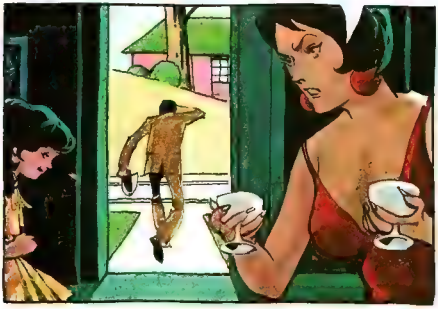
"She gives me the creeps," her mother told her other lieutenant later. *"I can't stand her. You think there's something wrong with me for talking like that, don't you?"*

No. You smell like Major Grenfell. And don't you ever do that *again.*

W-Wima . . .this child is . . . *telepathic.*

"No, I don't," said the other Lieutenant, who did. So she invited him to see the child for himself. "Hel-*lo, Janie,"* he tried. *"Are we going to be friends?"*

Nonsense. She gets her vitamins every single day—*Wait.* Where are you *going?*



Janie achieved a wolfish smile. The Lieutenant left early and never came back.

When Janie was five she began playing with some other little girls. They were toddlers, perhaps two and a half years old, and they looked like twins. On warm days, they would skin out of their rompers faster than the eye could follow, casting deliciously frightened glances at the basement door.

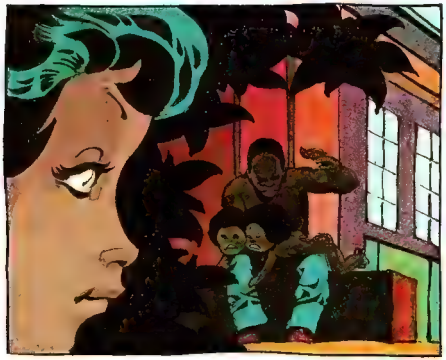
Janie discovered that with a little concentration she could move the rompers. To the twins' horror, the clothing rose from the ground in a steep climbing turn—

It seemed hours—weeks—of fascinated anticipation before Janie saw the basement door open. Out came the janitor. *"Bonnie!"* he bellowed. *"Beanie! Look at yew! Where's yo' clothes?"*

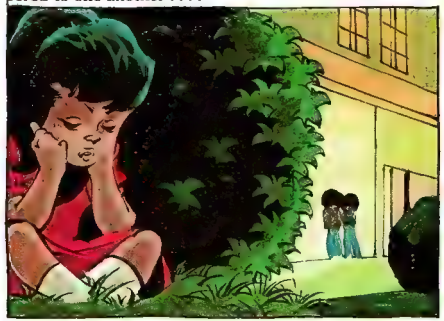
*"Catch you doing that once more, I'll get Mr. Milton come punch yo'ears fulla holes.*Heah?"They shrank together,their eyes round, as he lurched back to the door.

—and fluttered to the sill of a first-floor window. The twins jumped up and down in agitation, stretching and craning, twittering . . .

He swooped down on them. *"Tryin' th'ow away yo' expensive clothes? Oh, I'm goin' to whop you good!"* Janie giggled.



The twins went to the shadows by the wall and whispered to one another . . . .



There was no more fun for Janie that day, or for three more . . . .

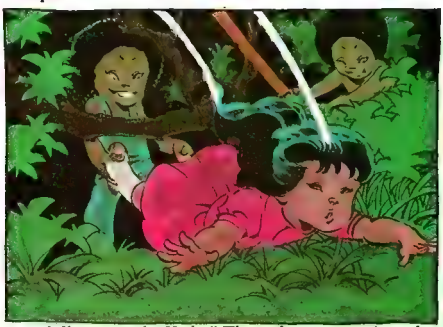
Across the street from Janie's apartment house was a park. In a copse of dwarf oak was a hidden patch of bare earth, known only to Janie. From a certain low branch it was an eight-inch drop to the earthen floor . . . .

"He-hee," said the other twin, and Janie did what she had done to the Lieutenant. "Eeep," said the twin—

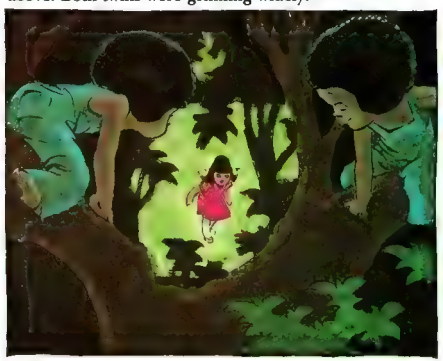
She hurled a bolt of hatred at them the like of which she had never even imagined before. "Oop," said one. The other said "Eep." Then they were both gone.

They're only three years old, she told herself. Then, *"They knew who it was all along, that moved those rompers,"* she said aloud, in admiration *"Ho-Ho!* Four days ago they

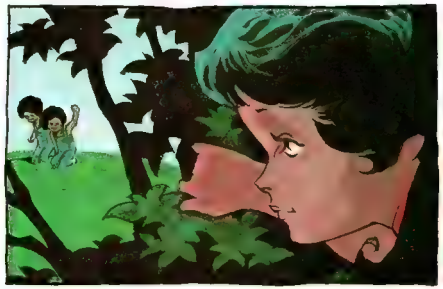
. . . but this time, the very instant her fingers left the branch, she struck the ground flat on her stomach. *"Ho-ho,"* said a voice, and she received a stinging blow on the rump.



—and disappeared. *"Ho-ho."* There she was, on a branch above. Both twins were grinning widely.



"Ho-ho." It was very distant, and something made her look across the street. Two little figures sat like gargoyles on the courtyard wall. They waved to her.



couldn't even reach a six-foot sill or get away from a spanking—and now look."

In the vestibule, Janie pressed the shiny brass button marked *Janitor*. *"Who push that? You push that?"* His voice filled the world.

Janie made *her* voice all croony the way her mother did. *"Mister Widdecombe, my mother says I can play with your girls."*

Well, that's mighty *nice,* but don't you let 'em get in any *mischief*– and see if you cain't keep them *clothes* on 'em.

Janie's whole life shaped itself from that afternoon. It was a time of belonging, of thinking alike, of transcendent sharing. She spoke hardly a word, and the twins had not yet learned to talk, but this was incidental to another kind of communion. Janie showed them how she could get chocolates from the box without going there, and how she could throw a pillow clear up to the ceiling without touching it, though the paint box and easel impressed them most. It was a thing together, a sudden opening, a binding.

The afternoon slid by, smooth and soft and lovely, and when the hall door banged open and Wima's voice clanged out, the twins were still there. *"Dear God,"* she said, *"she's got the place filled with niggers!"*

"They're going home now," said Janie resolutely, as Wima said to the man, *"Honest to God, Pete, this is the first time this ever happened. What kind of a place you must think I run here! Get them the hell out!"* She was screaming at the end.

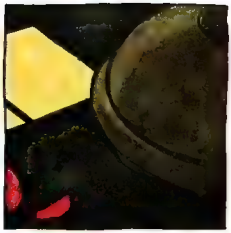
Janie lay in bed as stiff and smooth and contained as a round toothpick. Nothing would get in, nothing could get out; somewhere she had found this surface that went all the way through, and as long as she had it, nothing was going to happen.

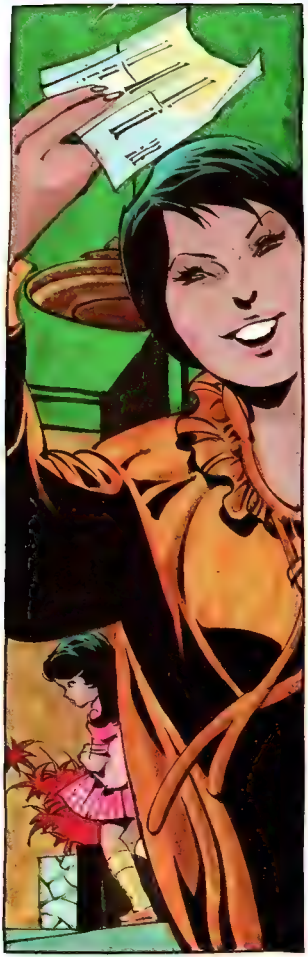
But if anything happens, came a whisper, *you'll break.*

But if I don't break, nothing will happen, she answered.

But if anything. . .

The dark hours came and grew black, and the black hours labored by.





Her door crashed open and the light blazed. "He's gone and baby, have I got business with you!"

Janie pushed back the covers and thumped her feet down. Without understanding quite why, she began to get dressed in her good plaid dress.

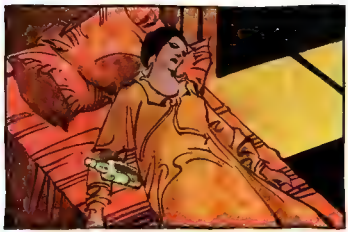
Wima was pounding her fist. "You wrecked my celebration, so you ought to know what I'm celebrating. You don't know it, but I've had a big trouble and I didn't know how to handle it, and now it's all done for me. And I'll tell you all about it right now, baby Miss Big Ears. Because your father—I can handle him any time—but what was I going to do with your big mouth going day and night? That was my trouble, what was I going to do about your big mouth when he got back? Well, it's all fixed, he won't *be* back, the war fixed it up for me.

She drank from a square-stemmed glass, and waved a yellow sheet. "Smart girls know this is a telegram, and it says here, 'Regret to inform you that your husband.' They shot your father, that's what they regret to say, and now this is the way it's going to be from now on between you and me. Whatever I want to do I do, an' whatever you want to nose into, nose away. Now isn't that fair?"

She turned for an answer but there was none. Janie was gone.

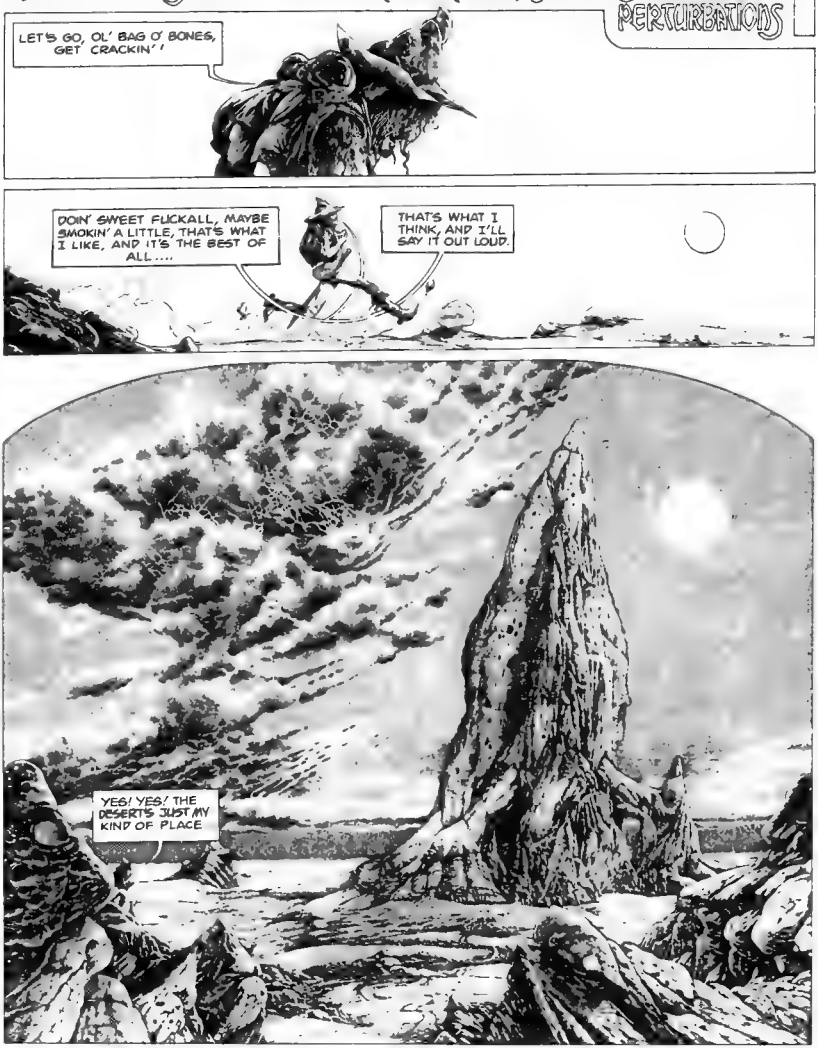
Wima stood in the middle of the living room, not knowing which way to go. She whispered, "Janie?"

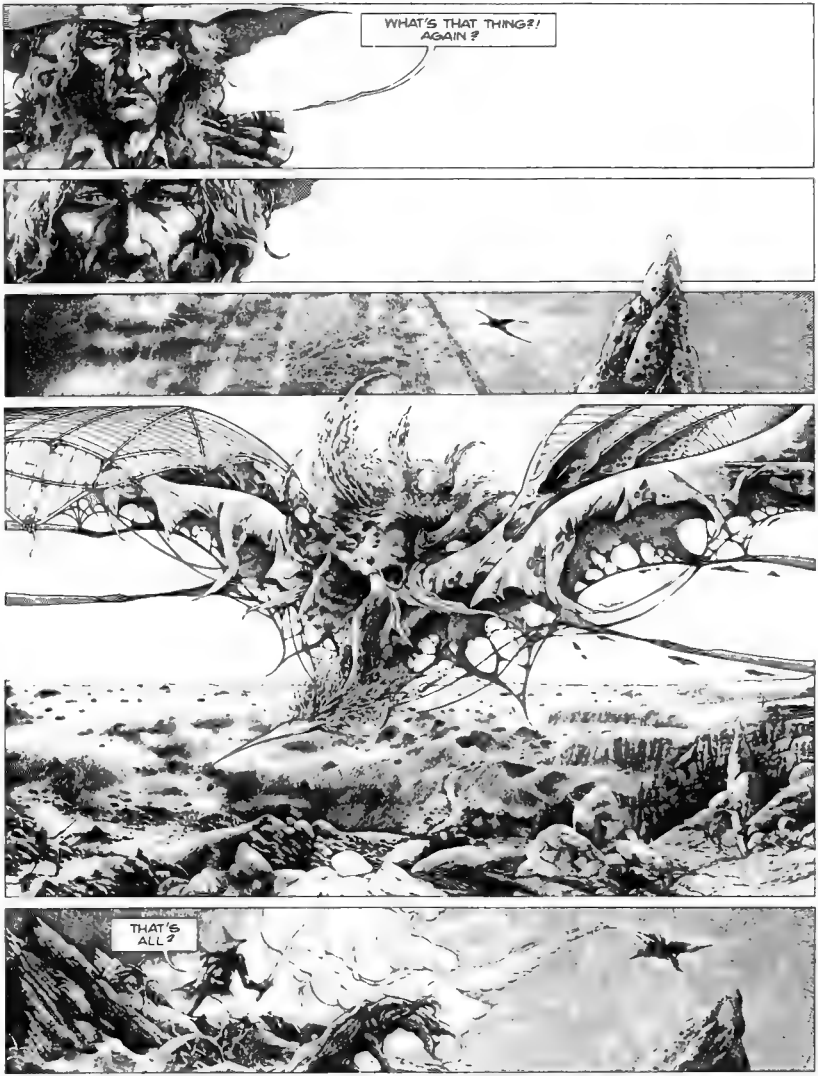
She put her hands on the sides of her face and lifted her face away from it. She turned around and around, and asked, "What's the *matter* with me?"

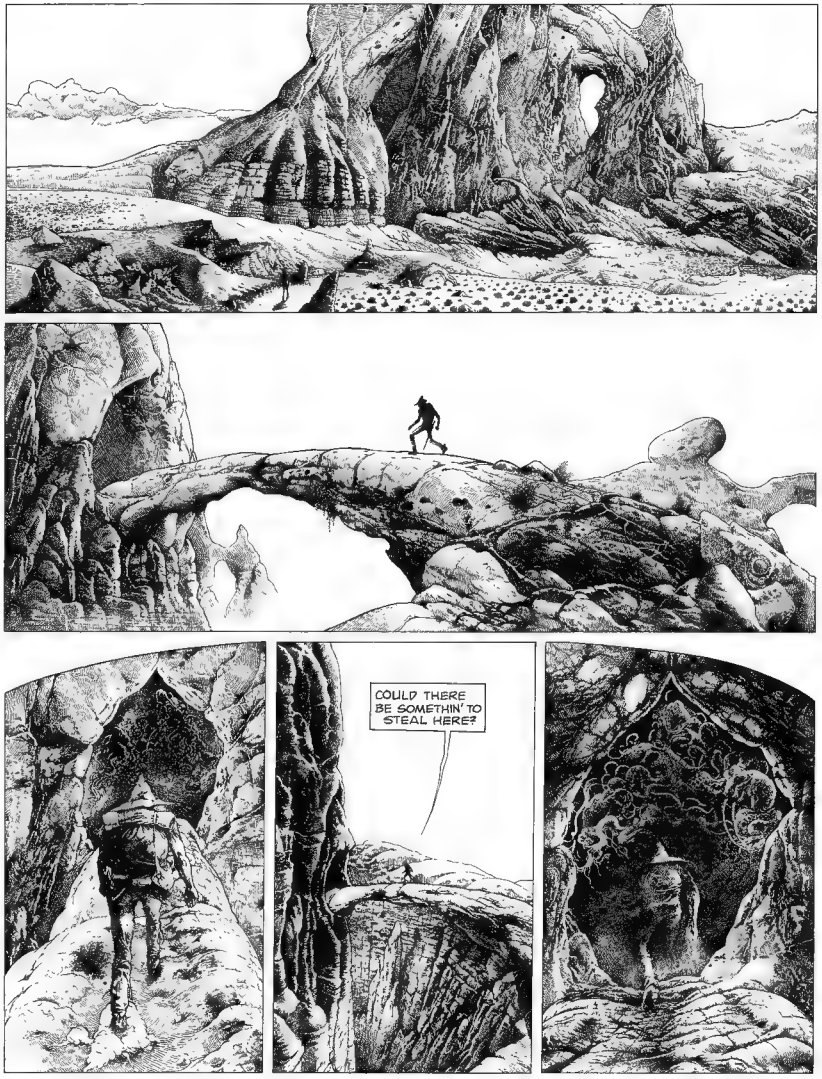


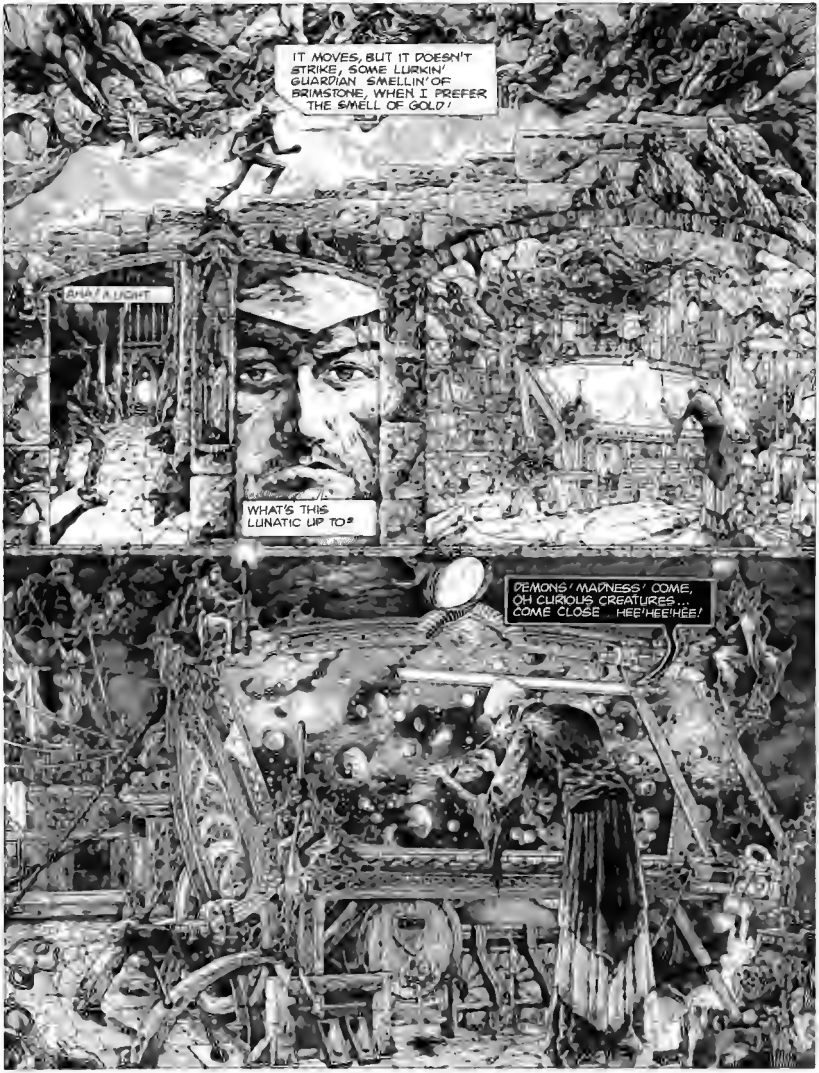
Art Bilal
Story Druillet

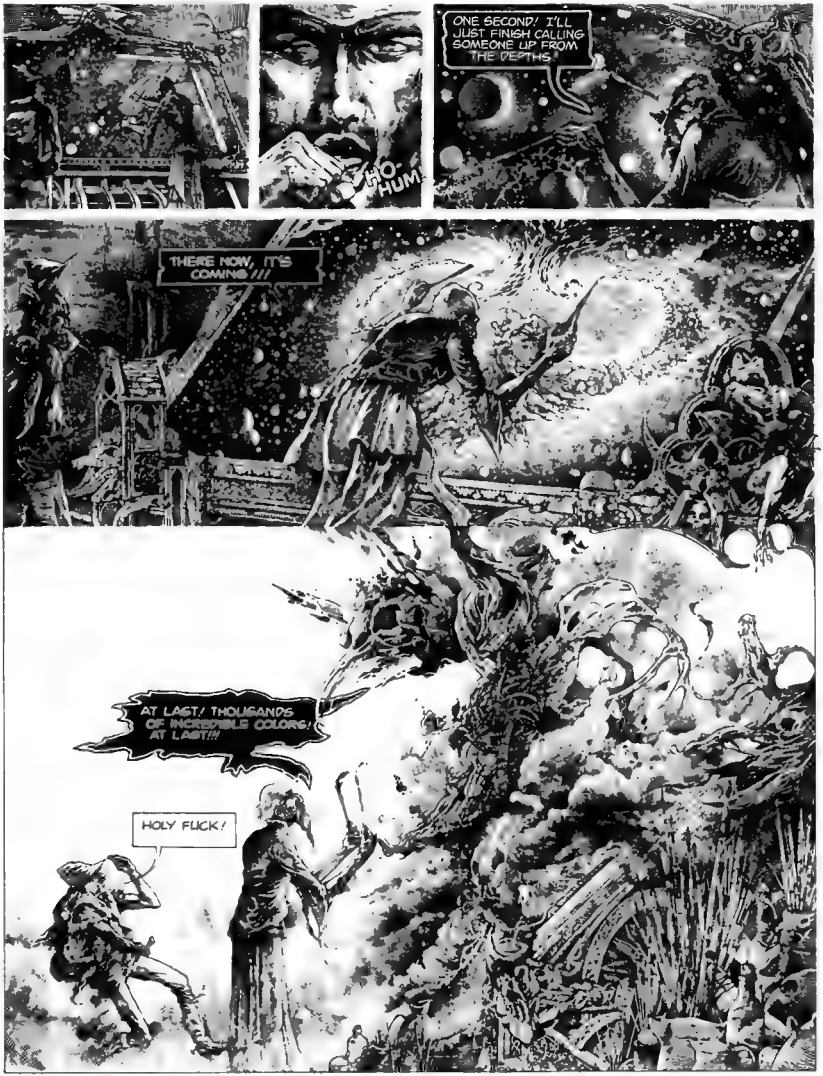
THE STORY OF THE ACRYLIC MAGUS AND HIS VIBRATORY PERTURBATIONS


LET'S GO, OL' BAG O' BONES, GET CRACKIN'!
DOIN' SWEET FUCKALL, MAYBE SMOKIN' A LITTLE, THAT'S WHAT I LIKE, AND IT'S THE BEST OF ALL....
THAT'S WHAT I THINK, AND I'LL SAY IT OUT LOUD.
YES! YES! THE DESERT'S JUST MY KIND OF PLACE

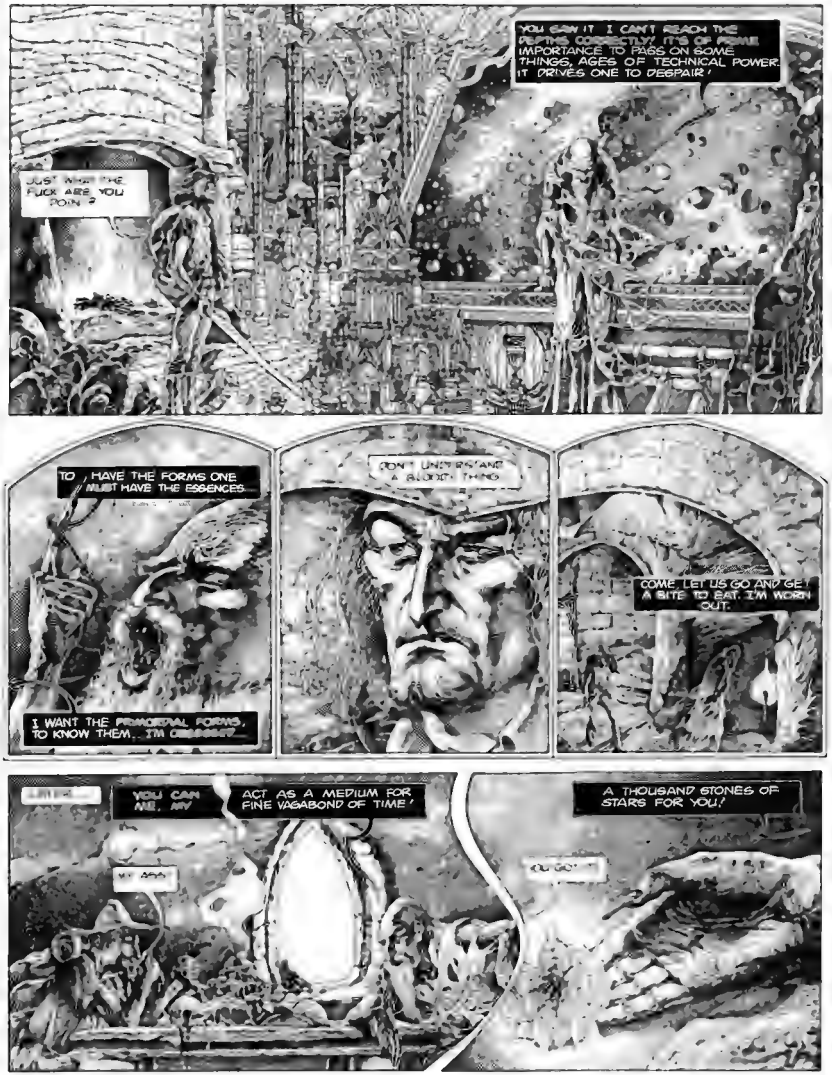

WHAT'S THAT THING?! AGAIN?
THAT'S ALL?

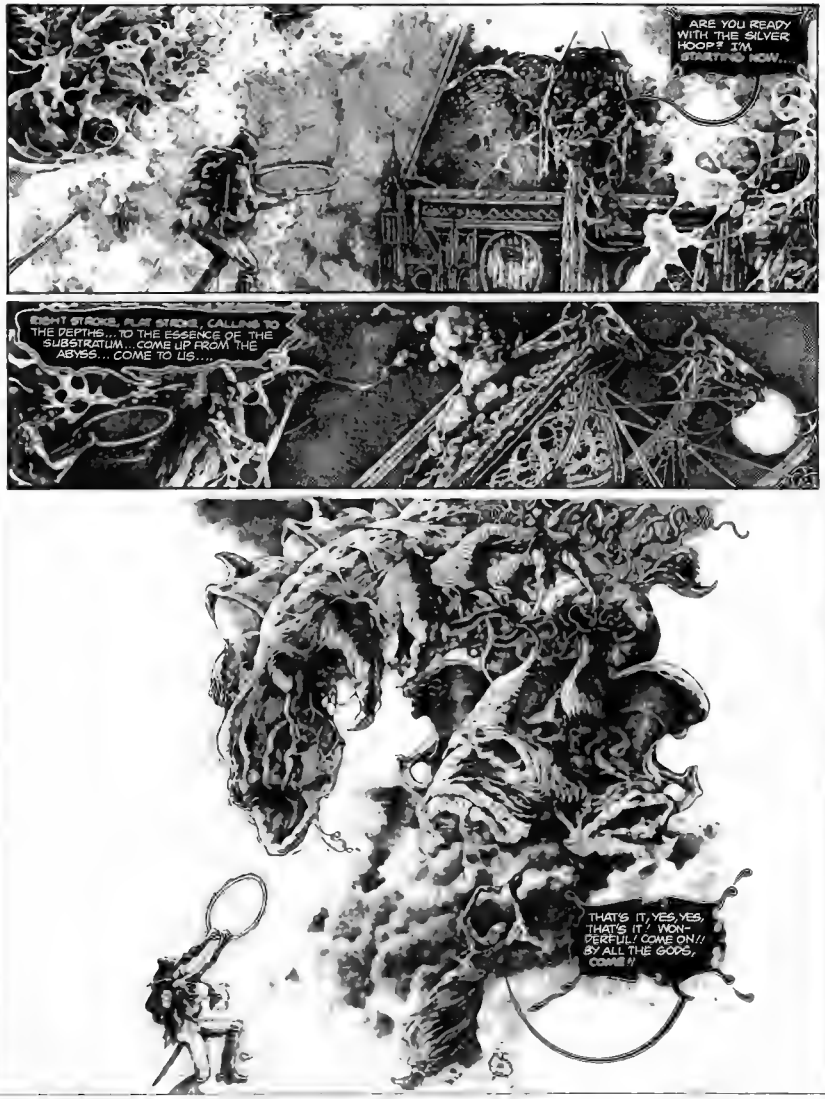

COULD THERE BE SOMETHIN' TO STEAL HERE?


IT MOVES, BUT IT DOESN'T STRIKE, SOME LURKIN' GUARDIAN SMELLIN' OF BRIMSTONE, WHEN I PREFER THE SMELL OF GOLD!
AHA! A LIGHT
WHAT'S THIS LUNATIC UP TO?
DEMONS! MADNESS! COME, OH CURIOUS CREATURES... COME CLOSE... HEE!HEE!HEE!


ONE SECOND! I'LL JUST FINISH CALLING SOMEONE UP FROM THE DEPTHS.
HO HUM.
THERE NOW, IT'S COMING!!!
AT LAST! THOUSANDS OF INCREDIBLE COLORS! AT LAST!!!
HOLY FUCK!

RIGHT STROKE! EVEN STROKE! RIGHT STROKE! EVEN STROKE! GO TO THE DEVIL!
THIS GUY'S COMPLETELY GONZO!
OH, FAILURE! FAILURE!
FAILURE! IT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO REACH THE ESSENCE! I'LL NEVER GET THERE, NEVER!
NEVER! NEVER!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THIS ZOO?

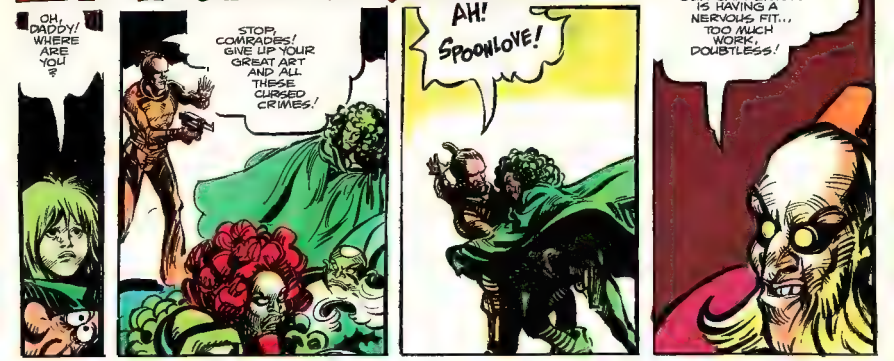

JUST WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOIN ?
YOU GAIN IT I CAN'T REACH THE DATA CORRECTLY. IT'S OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO PASS ON SOME THINGS, AGES OF TECHNICAL POWER. IT DRIVES ONE TO DESPAIR !
TO , HAVE THE FORMS ONE MUST HAVE THE ESSENCES
I WANT THE PRIMORDIAL FORMS, TO KNOW THEM.. I'M OBSESSED
DON'T UNDERSTAND A BLOODY THING
COME LET US GO AND GET A BITE TO EAT. I'M WORN OUT.
YOU CAN ME, MY
ACT AS A MEDIUM FOR FINE VAGABOND OF TIME !
MY ARM
A THOUSAND STONES OF STARS FOR YOU !
OU GO !


ARE YOU READY WITH THE SILVER HOOP? I'M STARTING NOW...
EIGHT STROKES, FIVE STROKES, CALLING TO THE DEPTHS... TO THE ESSENCE OF THE SUBSTRATUM... COME UP FROM THE ABYSS... COME TO US...
THAT'S IT, YES, YES, THAT'S IT! WONDERFUL! COME ON!! BY ALL THE GODS, COME!!

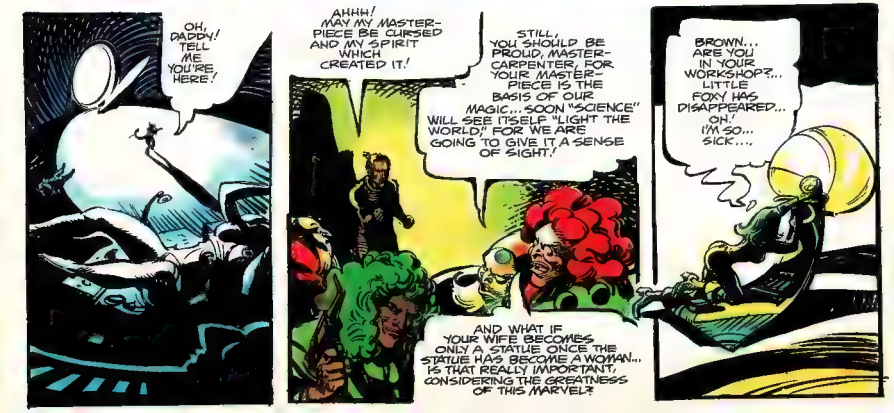
WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!
BEGONE, BE GONE, HAVE A NICE TRIP!
HA! HA! THE RUNT'S SUNK INTO THE WORLD BEYOND. NOW THE LITTLE RAT CAN REALLY BE OF SOME USE TO ME IF HE COMES BACK... HEE HEE
HEE

TO BE CONTINUED

BARBARELLA


OH, DADDY! WHERE ARE YOU?
STOP, COMRADES! GIVE UP YOUR GREAT ART AND ALL THESE CURSED CRIMES!
AH! SPOONLOVE!
THANK YOU, COMRADE-SILVERSMITH. OUR CARPENTER IS HAVING A NERVOUS FIT... TOO MUCH WORK, DOUBTLESS!

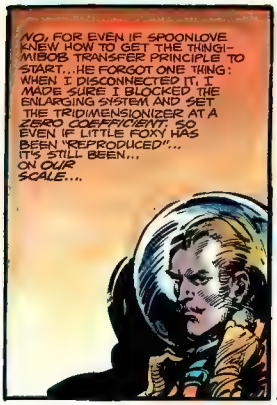
CURSES! ARE YOU GOING TO EXPLAIN IT TO ME?
YOU EXPLAIN, COMRADES! EXPLAIN TO HIM WHAT HE ALREADY KNOWS BUT REFUSES TO UNDERSTAND!
WE ARE ACTING FOR YOUR GREATER GLORY, BROWNING-WELL!
WHAT WE HAVE DONE MAKES USE OF THE ANCIENT POWER OF ANIMATING INERT MATTER... IT WILL GIVE LIFE TO YOUR MASTERPIECE, CARPENTER, TO YOUR SEMBLANCE OF A MOON, TO THIS WOMAN OF WOOD, METAL, PLASTIC... AND TO DO THAT WE NEED TO BORROW YOUR MODEL... YOUR BARBARELLA... TODAY A MYSTERIOUS FLUID MINGLES AND LINKS EACH PIECE AND ASPECT OF YOUR FABULOUS CONSTRUCTION, CREATING A FLESH WHERE A KIND OF NERVOUS SYSTEM IS GROWING... SO YOUR MASTERPIECE IS COMING ALIVE, EXPERIENCING SMELL AND TASTE, ACQUIRING A SENSE OF TOUCH... WITH HEARING WILL COME CONTROL OF THE VOICE, OF SPEECH... BUT AS THIS HAPPENS, UNFORTUNATELY, AT THE SAME TIME, BARBARELLA...
...MUST EXPERIENCE THE GRAVEST OF DIFFICULTIES.
LI... TT...LE... FOX...Y... WHERE ARE YOU?


OH, DADDY! TELL ME YOU'RE HERE!
AHHH! MAY MY MASTERPIECE BE CURSED AND MY SPIRIT WHICH CREATED IT!
STILL YOU SHOULD BE PROUD, MASTER-CARPENTER, FOR YOUR MASTERPIECE IS THE BASIS OF OUR MAGIC... SOON "SCIENCE" WILL SEE ITSELF "LIGHT THE WORLD!" FOR WE ARE GOING TO GIVE IT A SENSE OF SIGHT!
AND WHAT IF YOUR WIFE BECOMES ONLY A STATUE ONCE THE STATUE HAS BECOME A WOMAN... IS THAT REALLY IMPORTANT, CONSIDERING THE GREATNESS OF THIS MARVEL?
BROWN... ARE YOU IN YOUR WORKSHOP?... LITTLE FOXY HAS DISAPPEARED... OH! I'M SO... SICK...

OOOH! DADDY, WHERE ARE YOU? LI'L FOXY IS A LI'L AFRAID, YOU KNOW... WHY'S IT ALL MESSY IN HERE? AND WHY'S THERE A BIG HOLE?
UNABLE TO MASTER THE CRYSTAL, BARBARELLA IS STILL DETERMINED ...SHE MUST FIND BROWNINGWELL AND LITTLE FOXY....
...LITTLE FOXY... SO CLOSE, AND YET SO ALONE....
SOMEONE THERE?...MAYBE IT'S DADDY OR MUMMY, BUT MAYBE IT'S THE PERSON WHO MADE EVERYTHING MESSY HERE... WHERE CAN I HIDE?
I'LL HIDE IN HERE... THERE'S ROOM FOR ME AND MY DOGGY....
ENOUGH TALK! I'M GOING TO PUT THE THING/MIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE INTO ACTION...THE COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART ARE IMPATIENT TO COMPLETE THEIR TASK!
MUMMY!
LITTLE FOXY!
THERE!
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE WORKSHOP...
LITTLE FOXY!
SPOONLOVE, YOU DISGUSTING RAT! IS IT ONLY JEALOUSY DRIVING YOU TO TORTURE BARBARELLA?
JEALOUSY! IT MIGHT VERY WELL BE!
IS THAT SO, SPOONLOVE?
COMRADE-CHEMIST, ARE YOU INTERFERING IN THIS?
WE KNOW A SMILE OFTEN HIDES JEALOUSY... HERE, ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK SOMEONE IS CLEVERLY USING JEALOUSY TO HIDE SOMETHING WHICH IS IN REALITY MUCH WORSE!
AND SO I AM INTERFERING ON BEHALF OF ALL OUR INTERESTS... I HAVE INVESTIGATED THIS, I DID IT AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE BECAUSE OF MY LOVE FOR BROWNINGWELL, AND ALSO BECAUSE I WANTED TO PROTECT THE HONOR OF THE COSMIC CHILDREN.

SO, COMRADE-CHEMIST, WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT FROM YOUR INVESTIGATION?
NEVIL LEVEL, BROWNINGWELL'S OPPONENT, HAS FINISHED HIS CATHEDRALBANK!... BUT IT NEVER COINED ANY MONEY OR SYNTHETIC GOLD --THAT'S ALL A LIE!
A LIE MEANT TO THROW US ALL INTO A PANIC... TO FORCE US TO MAKE MISTAKES... TO INCITE US TO COMMIT ILLEGAL ACTS... ACTS WHICH AT THIS VERY MOMENT ARE BEING REVEALED TO THE SUPREME COUNSEL OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT....
YOU MEAN THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO HAVE US DISQUALIFIED ?
SPOONLOVE!
SPOON-LOVE IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN AGENT PROVOCATEUR!
INSULTS AND LIES!
LITTLE FOXY... BROWNING-WELL, WHERE ARE YOU?
MUMMY... COME HERE... I'M AFRAID, YOU KNOW....
I...AM...YOUR...MOTHER...
WE'LL CONDUCT AN INQUIRY... AND IF SPOONLOVE IS A TRAITOR...
...OUR ANGER WILL SUIT HIS CRIME!
TAKE YOUR TIME, COMRADES!
BROWNINGWELL HAS ESCAPED! HE'S OVERWHELMED BY A TERRIBLE RAGE!
STOP HIM! BY ALL THAT'S FABRICATED, STOP HIM!
SPOONLOVE HAS GOTTEN AWAY, TOO! HURRY, COMRADES, HURRY!
BARBARELLA!
BROWN!
LITTLE FOXY... HE'S HIDDEN HIMSELF IN THE MODEL... THERE WAS A FLASH T.T.P AND...
WHAT? IT HASN'T DISAPPEARED, HAS IT?... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NO... IT'S STILL THERE... AND YET IT DOESN'T... IT'S LIKE IT'S JUST AN IMAGE.
OH! MUMMY! MUMMY! WHERE AM I?
MY MUMMY!

REMEMBER, BARBARELLA, I PROVIDED FOR A BUBBLE OF BREATHABLE AIR AROUND THE SATELLITE... THERE'S A REALLY GOOD CHANCE THAT LITTLE FOXY IS SAFE AND SOUND INSIDE IT! IF THE COMRADE-CHEMIST'S GELUTRON HASN'T BEEN SABOTAGED LIKE MINE WAS, WE CAN GET HIM BACK IMMEDIATELY!
BUT IF HE'S BEEN TRANSMITTED BY THE T.T.P., HE'LL BE ENORMOUS!


NO, FOR EVEN IF SPOONLOVE KNEW HOW TO GET THE THINGI-MIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE TO START...HE FORGOT ONE THING: WHEN I DISCONNECTED IT, I MADE SURE I BLOCKED THE ENLARGING SYSTEM AND SET THE TRIDIMENSIONIZER AT A ZERO COEFFICIENT, SO EVEN IF LITTLE FOXY HAS BEEN "REPRODUCED"... IT'S STILL BEEN... ON OUR SCALE....

CAREFUL NOW! WE'RE PASSING INTO WEIGHTLESSNESS VERY QUICKLY!

MY SETTING THE T.T.P. AT A ZERO LEVEL ALSO EXPLAINS WHY THE MASTERS OF THE GREAT ART--IN SPITE THEIR EFFORTS TO DO SO--COULDN'T MANAGE TO USE THE T.T.P. AS A MEDIUM FOR COMPLETELY ROBBING YOU OF YOUR SENSES.
THAT'S TRUE!... I HEAR VERY POORLY, BUT I CAN HEAR!... I CAN FEEL WITH MY HANDS... IT'S AS IF I WERE WEARING MITTS, BUT STILL I CAN GET HOLD OF THINGS....

LOOK! OVER THERE! I CAN'T REALLY FIGURE IT OUT, BUT YOUR MASTERPIECE HAS BEEN REPRODUCED OVER THERE ON A GRAND SCALE!
PLEASE, DON'T EVEN MENTION THE WORD MASTER-PIECE TO ME AGAIN! LOOK AT THAT TINY HOLE ON THE LEFT SIDE! THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND LITTLE FOXY!

OH! BROWN! WITHOUT A BREATHING APPARATUS, HE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO LEAVE THE BUBBLE!
LITTLE FOXY KEPT PART OF HIS BREATHING APPARATUS ON FROM THE TIME WE TOOK OUR FIRST TRIP UP IN THE GELUTRON...HE'S ONLY MISSING THE HELMET AND A RESERVE OF OXYGEN...AND I'VE BROUGHT BOTH FOR HIM!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THROUGH THE ZONE OF THE FORCE FIELD AND PENETRATE THE AIR BUBBLE?
GETTING IN WILL BE NO PROBLEM... FORCE FIELDS HAVE A VERY STRONG TENDENCY TO JUST SUCK YOU IN AND KEEP YOU THERE...WE JUST HAVE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ONE OF THE MANY AIR-LOCKS... AND DON'T WORRY--"SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD" IS FULL OF HOLES.

I SEE ANOTHER VESSEL...WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL...YOU GO AHEAD... TAKE LITTLE FOXY'S HELMET...AND...THIS WEAPON!... YOU! NEVER KNOW!

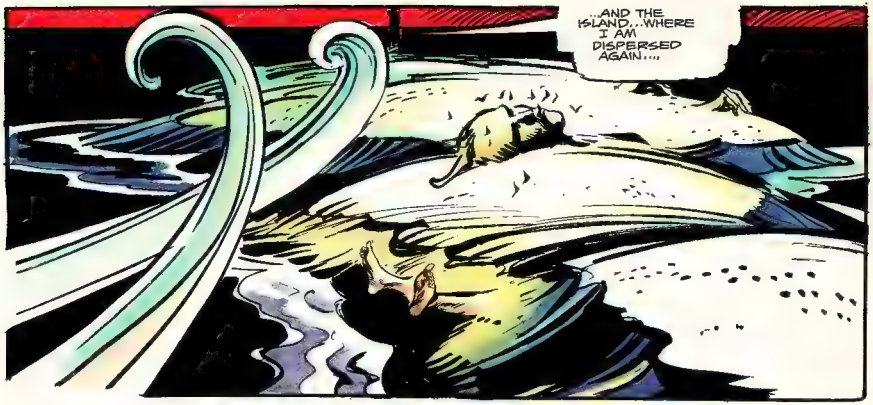
HA! SPOONLOVE AND HIS COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART!...SO THEY'RE STILL WORKING TOGETHER!

LITTLE FOXY!... CAN YOU HEAR ME? IT'S MUMMY....
MMM
MMMMMMMM
MMMM

OH, THERE YOU ARE, LITTLE FOXY!... DON'T BE AFRAID!... MUMMY'S HERE!
WHAT MUMMY? I CAN'T SEE NOTHIN'! IN HERE! WHERE ARE YOU?
MUMMMMMM
SPOONLOVE GOT OFF ON THE OTHER SIDE... WHAT'S HIS PLAN NOW?
COME ON, COMRADES, LET'S GET TO IT!... WE NEED TO USE THE THINGMIBOB TRANSFER PRINCIPLE WHATNOT AS AN INTER-MEDIARY....
GET BUSY WITH THIS ENORMOUS DAME...AND I'LL ARRANGE THINGS SO IT ALL ENDS IN CATASTROPHE AND... SCANDAL....
LITTLE FOXY, DON'T LISTEN TO THAT VOICE... I'M YOUR MUMMY... BARBARELLA!
YOU HAVE TO PUT YOUR HELMET ON NOW... WE'RE GOING AWAY WITH DADDY....
CAN I SAY SOMEPIN'?
MMMM MMMM MMMM
IF I PUT ON MY HELMET, WHERE ARE WE GOING WITH DADDY?
FAR AWAY FROM HERE... AND THIS DUMB WOOD AND BAKELITE DAME....
WANNA GO TO MY PLANET!
ALL RIGHT, THE THREE OF US WILL GO TO YOUR PLANET!
OH, GOD! IT'S STARTING AGAIN... I CAN'T FEEL MY FEET OR MY HANDS...
I AM MUMMY
I AM YOUR PLANET...
SHE'S MOVING! SHE'S MOVING!
BY ALL THE GALAXIES! THEY'VE MANAGED TO REALLY ANIMATE HER...WHILE LITTLE FOXY AND BARBARELLA ARE INSIDE!
THE DAMN WEAPON!
IT'S FALLEN!
WHERE HAS BROWNINGWELL GONE TO?
AND WHERE ARE HIS FAMOUS HOLES?

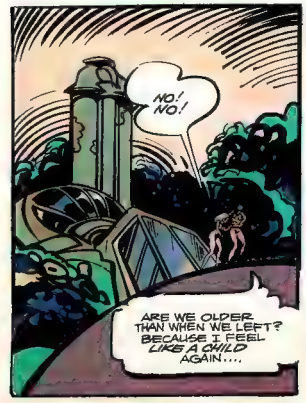
HERE... MUMMY... I CAUGHT THE BIG GUN!
BRAVO, LITTLE FOXY! NOW WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY OUT!
OH, INVISIBLE WITNESSES, BEHOLD AND ADMIRE SCIENCE LIGHTING THE WORLD, MY ADVERSARY'S MASTERPIECE... SHE LIVES... SHE MOVES... I MEAN, SHE GESTICULATES... ALL THE TELESCOPES IN THE UNIVERSE TRAIN ON HER... SHE ATTRACTS THE GENERAL ATTENTION OF...
ALREADY THEY'RE ALL SAYING, TRICKED! TRICKED, COMRADE-CARPENTER! BROWNINGWELL, THE GURU FREEDOM-FIGHTER, IS A CHEAT... A DISGRACE TO THE COSMIC COMRADES!
WHEN HE SPEAKS OF ME, SPOONLOVE SAYS "MY ADVERSARY"... COULD HE BE...?
NEVIL LEVEL....
NOW IT'S TIME TO RETURN TO MY CATHEDRALBANK... WHICH IS AS IT IS... BUT NO ONE COULD SAY THAT I TRIED TRICKERY TO PLEASE THE JURY....
COMRADES OF THE GREAT ART, I THANK YOU... YOU WERE PERFECT... WHAT TERRIFYING POWERS YOU POSSESS... ABOVE ALL WHEN THEY ARE USED FOR BETRAYAL....
FOR YOU HAVE BETRAYED YOUR FRIENDS, COMRADES, COSMIC CHILDREN... AND THOSE WHO BETRAY CAN BE BETRAYED!...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? NEVIL LEVEL, THE EXERCISE OF OUR GREAT ART MERITS SOME MORE PAYMENT THAN THIS SORT OF DISCUSSION....
ALL THROUGH HISTORY, IN WHATEVER TIME, TRAITORS HAVE BEEN PAID IN THIS WAY... IT'S TRADITIONAL!
THE RESPONSE OF THE COMRADES TO THE GREAT ART....
BUT THEIR GREAT ART DOES NOT PROTECT THEM FROM SURPRISES...

LITTLE FOXY!
CAN I SAY SOMEPIN'?
WHAT IS IT?
WELL! PLEASE 'SCUSE ME, DADDY... I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS GOING TO MAKE THOSE TWO GUYS DEAD... BUT I KNEW THEY WANTED TO HURT YOU, DADDY!
YOU'RE COMPLETELY EXCUSED, MY BOY!
QUICK! COME GET ME SO WE GO FAR AWAY! HELP ME!
OH, BROWNINGWELL, I FEEL BETTER! MUCH BETTER! BUT YOUR MASTER-PIECE IS ON FIRE!
TO HELL WITH MY MASTERPIECE! ...LET'S GET BACK IN THE GELLITRON!
BY THE HOLY ANOMALY OF SATURN! LOOK AT THE MASTER-PIECE....
GOOD-BYE TO THE 18 PLANETS OF THE SYSTEM!
OH, BROWNINGWELL!... IT'S A WHIRLPOOL... I DON'T SEE LITTLE FOXY!
I DON'T SEE HIM ANYMORE! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING AT ALL!
OUR BREATHING MACHINES HAVE DISAPPEARED... ARE WE ALREADY DEAD, BROWNINGWELL, OR IS THIS JUST A NIGHTMARE?
IT'S A NIGHTMARE... A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE... IT'S THE DEVIL WHO'S PULLING US BY THE FEET... AND RAMMING US FROM BEHIND....
FROM BEHIND? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHEN A NIGHTMARE IS TOO AWFUL, BARBARELLA, IT WAKES YOU FROM YOUR SLEEP... LOOK! THE LIGHTHOUSE....


...AND THE ISLAND...WHERE I AM DISPERSED AGAIN....

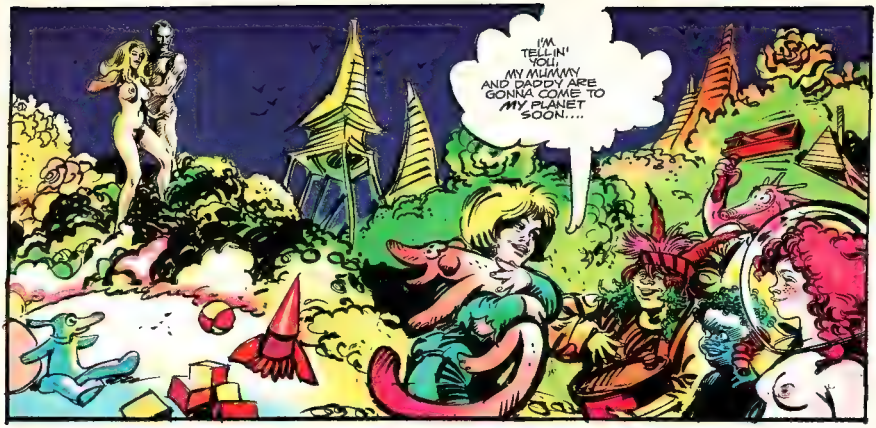
THE LAB! THE MIDDLE UNIVERSE!
OH! NO! WE'RE NOT GOING TO END UP WITH BUGGERBUSS AND HIS FRIENDS AGAIN!

IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, BROWNINGWELL / I DIDN'T WAKE YOU UP JUST FOR THAT... LITTLE FOXY WASN'T A DREAM!
I'M AFRAID SO, BARBARELLA! THIS UNIVERSE AND ITS TIME SYSTEM ARE OUR OWN. SHOCK, FEAR, AND DISGUST HAVE AWAKENED US AND REINTEGRATED US TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT HERE WE ARE OURSELVES....


NO! NO!
ARE WE OLDER THAN WHEN WE LEFT? BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE A CHILD AGAIN....

I SAW IT ALL, I LIVED IT ALL, YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW, IN THIS UNIVERSE AND IN OTHERS. I EXPERIENCED THE WORST ADVENTURES ON LAND, ON SEA, IN THE AIR, INSIDE AND OUTSIDE...AND I SURVIVED...BUT, NO... NO...I WON'T ACCEPT IT...I WON'T....

CAN I SAY SOMEPIN?
YEAH!



OUR STORY NOW HAS COME TO ITS CONCLUSION
LOOSE ENDS ALL TIED UP NEATLY, AS YOU CAN SEE.
WE'VE MADE OUR WAY THROUGH MAZES OF CONFUSION,
THROUGH MYTH, MATH, MAGIC, AND PHILOSOPHY,
THAT'S HOW THE STORY GOES, THAT'S HOW IT GOES.

WE FOLLOWED LOGIC DOWN EACH DARK DIGRESSION,
THEN REASONED RIGHTLY WE HAD REASONED WRONG.
WE QUESTIONED WHY WE QUESTIONED EVERY QUESTION,
AND CHILDREN HAD THE ANSWERS ALL ALONG.
THEY KNOW THE WAY IT GOES, THE WAY IT GOES.

A SHIP OF FOOLS MAKES FOOLS OF ALL WHO BOARD HER,
TO SAIL PAST REASON'S MOONS TO STARS OF RHYME.
IN SPACE, THERE ISN'T ANY SPACE FOR ORDER,
THERE ISN'T ANY TIME FOR LAW IN TIME,
THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES, THE WAY IT GOES.

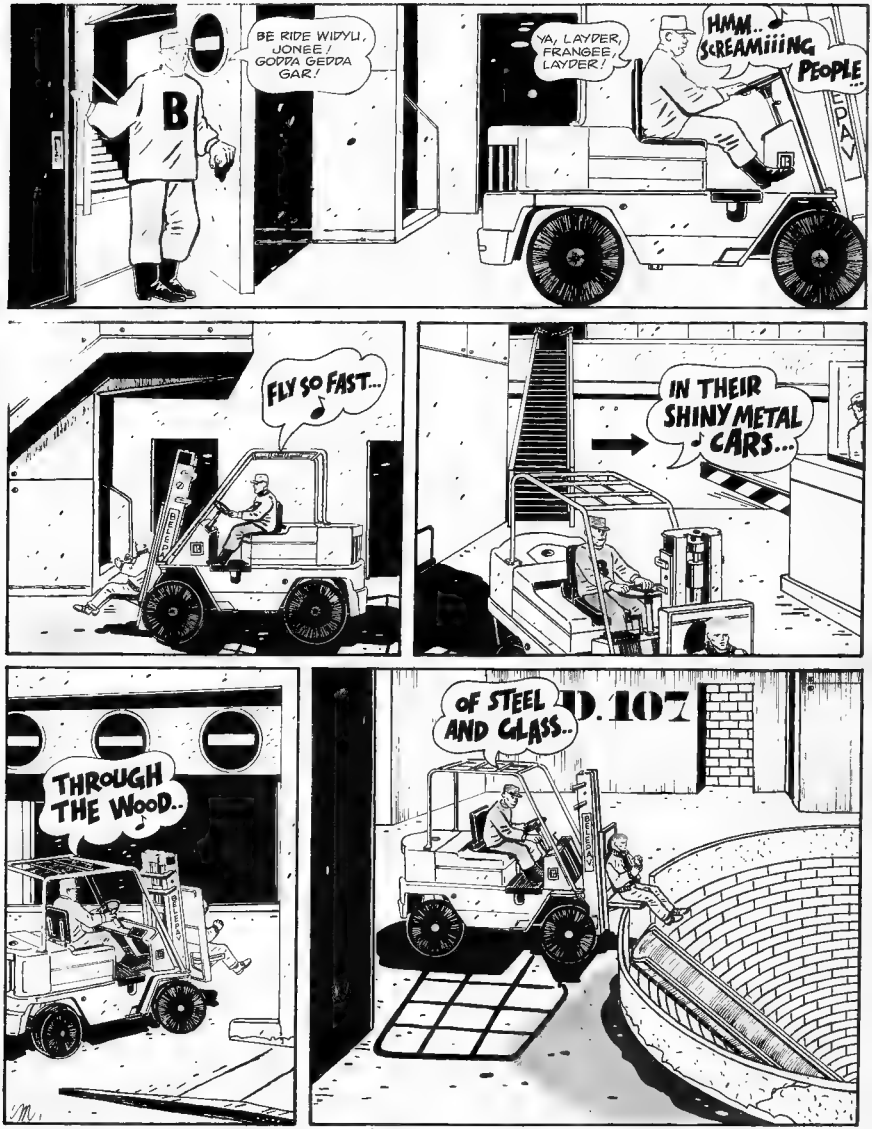
SO TURN THIS FINAL PAGE AND CLOSE THE BOOK NOW,
SIT BACK AND CLOSE YOUR EYES, DON'T MAKE A SOUND,
KEEP STILL, COUNT TEN, OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK NOW:
ANOTHER STORY'S STARTING ALL AROUND...
JUST WATCH THE WAY IT GOES, THE WAY IT GOES!

FIN

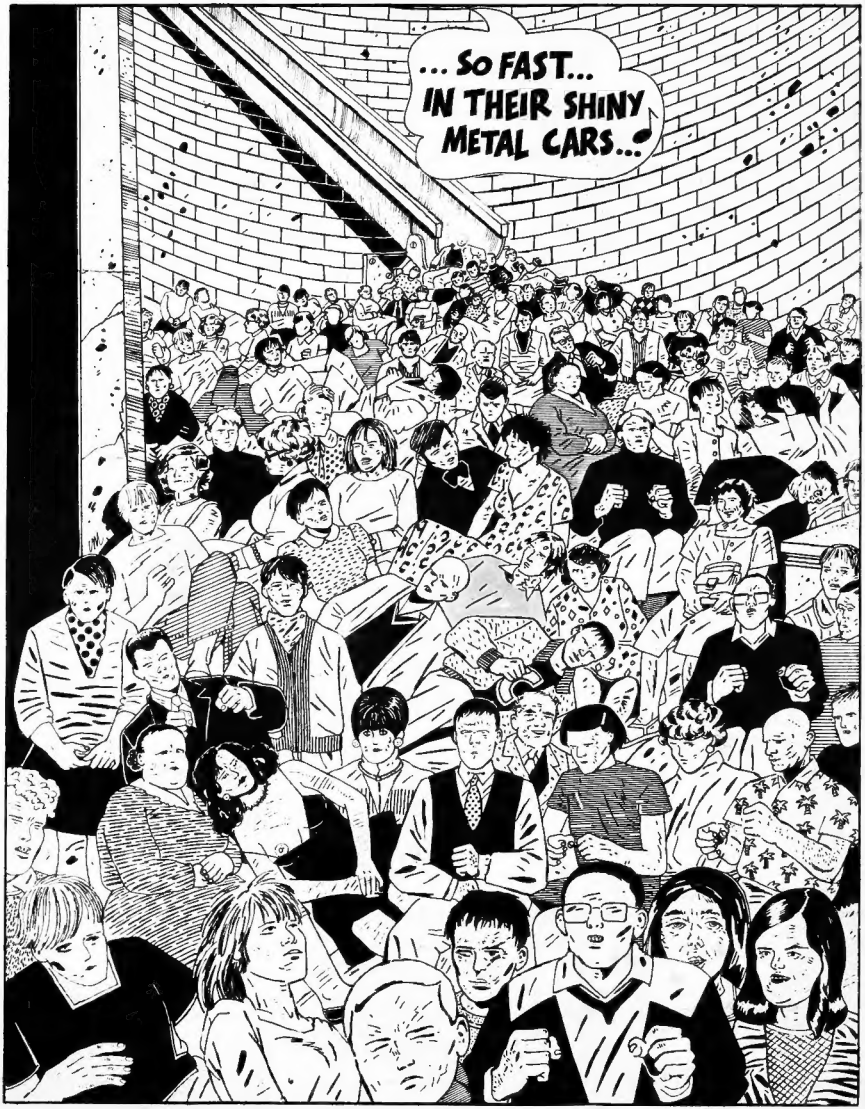
1996

HAYA, ZGRABER!
HAY, WUNLIV AR ZAYLZGURLZ JEZ TOLL ME BOWDA MIZDAYGU YERZ!
HUH? NODDA JANZ, BOZ!
WEL, ID LUGZ LYG YOO AWTHERYZED THENBOMIN UVA NUNEYEDENDIVYED GUY, AN ID LUGZ LYG INSPYDUV IZ BEERENZ, HEEZA BORDEREEGUN!
...WEL, THAZ UH ZUBRYZ... EYEMEEN, EYE WOODEN WANNA GWEZDJUN ID BUD...
UH ZAYLZGURL-UZ ZURDUN/ SHEED BELD BERZUNLEE WIDU GUY, AN ANYWAYZ, SHEE SEEN IZ BIDJER INNA SBORDZ MAGZEEN. ZEEMS EEWUZ SUMKYNA BOGZER!
MMM... WEL... UNNER ZIR-GUMZDANZEZ ...EYEMEEN NOW ALLA WURDZ DUN... COODEN WE JUZ LEEV ID AZID IZ....
WAA? NO! OWDUH DUH GWEZJUN!
WE ZDARD FOOLIN ROWN WID AR BRINZIBILLZ AN YOO NO WUD WE ENUB WID, ZGRABER?
ANARGEE!
UNERZDAN, ZGRABER? KAYOZ AN ANARGEE!
AN WEN I ZAY "WE" EYEM NOD JUZ TAWGEN BOWD AR GUMBENEE! EYE MEEN AR ZIDEE AZWEL, ZGRABER! AR ZIDEE AN AR GUNDREE... AR ENDYR ZUZEYEUDEE! UNER-ZDAND, ZGRABER? AR HOLE ZUZEYEUDEE!!!

YA, SHUR, EYE GODID, BOZ ....
AWRIDE! EYEM GOWNDIN ONYOO TUTAYG GAREUVID!
FRANGEE! JONEE!
BELGAV
YA, BOZ!
EYE WANYADUH MOOV AR NOO GLYEND FRUMU BAYZMEND DOWNA ZEGJUUN DEE O WUN.
BUT BOZ, WE JUZ BOODIMIN!
EYE NO, JONEE ORDERZ FRUM LIBSTAYRZ!
OH! RIDE!
HOLE THINGZ GEDIN KYNA RIDIGULUZ!
JUZ HADDA GUY INZDOLLED, ZO WY GO MOOVINUM AROWN AWREDY?
NUDZ!
GO FIGGUR ID!
EPAV
HOLE THINGZ KYNA DRAG!
OGAY, BAL! LEZGO!
UBZEE!


BE RIDE WIDYU, JONEE / GODDA GEDDA GAR!
YA, LAYDER, FRANGEE, LAYDER!
HMM.. SCREAMiiiiNG PEOPLE...
FLY SO FAST...
IN THEIR SHINY METAL CARS...
THROUGH THE WOOD..
OF STEEL AND GLASS..
D.107

TAC
WIZ
!
B
YUUUK!
IDZ AWL FULUB!
GUNNA HAVDA GEDDA DIZOLVER INAGEN!



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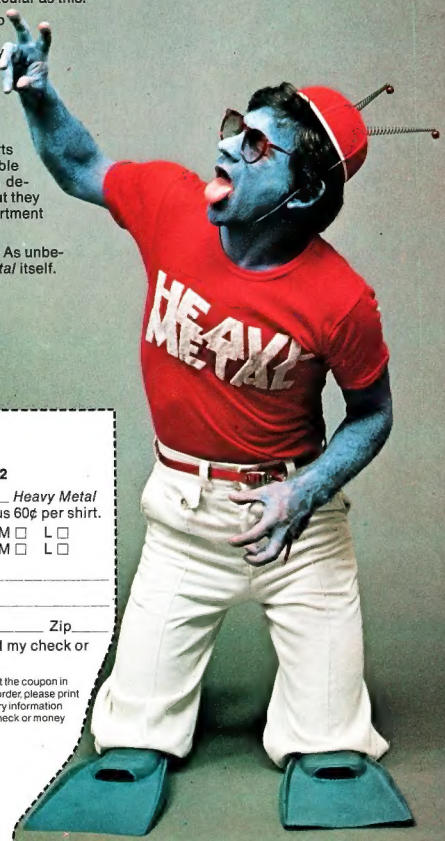

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